SYDNEY St. AUBYN.

VOL. II.

SYDNEY ST. AUBYN.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,

BY MR. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF LOVE FRAGMENTS, &c.

VOL. II.

" For Love has ſworn—(I heard the awful vow!)
" The wav'ring heart ſhall never be his care—
" That ſtoops at any baſer ſhrine to bow,
" For what he cannot rule, he ſcorns to ſhare.

MRS. BARBAULD.

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PREPARING FOR THE PRESS,

(BY THE SAME AUTHOR)

IN THREE VOLUMES,

PRICE HALF A GUINEA,

MONK-GROVE RUINS,

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

Printed for I. HERBERT, *Bookseller, No.* 6, *Pall Mall.*

INTRODUCTION

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

(BY THE EDITOR.)

IN uſhering a work of this kind into the world, an Editor neceſſarily aſſumes to himſelf the privilege of regulating the manuſcript according to *his* ideas of propriety—indeed, in moſt collections, which appear to have been arranged for the purpoſe of publication, ſeveral letters, deſultory and tedious, are frequently met with, which can be very well ſpared, without a riſque of injuring the intereſt of the ſtory.

In the preſent inſtance, the editor has endeavoured to collect the ſubſtance of ſuch,

ſuch, as, coming partly under this deſcription, he was apprehenſive would have ſwelled the collection, and poſſibly treſpaſſed on the patience of his readers —he has ventured therefore to take up his own pen, at the opening of the ſecond volume.

Of Miſs Conway's motives for wiſhing to have another interview with Mr. St. Aubyn, it is not neceſſary to hazard a conjecture.—Whatever her deſigns were, they certainly failed, for St. Aubyn appears to have diſcretion enough (probably from the ſuggeſtions of his friend Sullivan) to foreſee the danger, and wiſely to avoid it—nay, ſo determined was his conduct on the occaſion, that he committed what he calls a violent outrage on civility—he ſent no anſwer to the lady's letter, but early in the enſuing week

week abruptly left Matlock, in company with Colonel Alderton and his ſiſter, and in a few days arrived at Bath.

But Miſs Conway, in the mean time, *felt* the inſult St. Aubyn's impolitic neglect had put upon her, and perverted the principles of an excellent heart, by ſuffering it, on this occaſion, to meditate miſchief.—In a letter to her friend Miſs Wentworth, ſhe declares if St. Aubyn had dealt candidly with her, and honorably acknowledged his engagement, ſhe would have been ſatisfied—but the affront he meanly meant to offer her, by diſſembling, in order to pilfer an opportunity of leaving Matlock, exulting in what he fancied to be *his* moment of retaliation, deſerved, and ſhould meet with due reſentment.—Alas, ſhe knew not the fatal power her ſtill-remembered charms had

had on his affections, and that what ſhe raſhly inputed to artifice and deſign, reſulted from, and was only chargeable to the weakneſs of a heart, which he was afraid to truſt in ſo dangerous a dilemma.——

Miſs Conway's health being perfectly re-eſtabliſhed, ſhe did not remain long at Matlock after St. Aubyn's departure; —the *Moat-houſe*, therefore, once again waved the banner of hoſpitality, and reſumed its feſtivity and pleaſures, whilſt the worthy Mrs. Villers began to recover her tranquility and ſpirits with the return of the beloved Auguſta.

It would be doing Miſs Wentworth great injuſtice not to mention the earneſtneſs with which ſhe ſtrove to diſſuade Miſs Conway from her unworthy purpoſe of diſturbing St. Aubyn.—Auguſta

guſta had ſeriouſly threatened him, and the following tranſcript from Miſs Wentworth's letter will ſhew the liberality of her admonitions on the occaſion.——

" If prejudice, for a moment, caſts a " ſhade on the brilliant character of St. " Aubyn, forget not yourſelf ſo far, my " Auguſta, as to miſtake the cauſe, as " well as diſregard the effect—if you " had never met with him at Matlock, " could you arrogate to yourſelf a right " to control his purſuits ?—were you not " wholly and abſolutely diſunited, and " if your accidentally meeting with him " convinced you of the power you ſtill " had over him, why ſhould you puniſh " an amiable weakneſs, with unrelenting " cruelty ?—You ſaw the ſtruggle in his " agitated boſom—you found that if his

" heart *had been* induced to *wander*,
" merely as a *laſt reſource*, to cure it of
" ills at home, *you* could ſtill bring it
" back to its darling allegiance—and
" what appeared to you an inſult, was
" the involuntary act of venial frailty.—
" Weigh the circumſtances, my dear;
" —judge impartially,—and determine
" with juſtice.

" Before you came to Matlock, you
" find he was betrothed to a lady, and,
" you ſay, an amiable girl—you ſent for
" him—he came, and if you had not par-
" ticularly impreſſed his mind with a
" belief that you would never be *his*,
" he would have been *yours* at any rate—
" then what was to become of the for-
" ſaken fair one, ſacrificed, for your ſake,
" to St. Aubyn's infidelity? What
" kind of inſult would *then* have been

" offered

" offered to the common cauſe of the
" ſex, and at whoſe inſtigation would
" the miſchief have been perpetrated ?
" She, poor thing, artleſsly confident in
" the honor of St. Aubyn, ſuppoſed her-
" ſelf ſecure in his affection, and dreamed
" not that he had baſely meditated the
" plunder of her peace.—Ah, Auguſta,
" feel for another ! conſider it is one of
" your own ſex that muſt neceſſarily
" ſuffer—if St. Aubyn *has* erred, the ob-
" ject of his attachment is innocent—
" there can be no diſcrimination in
" their caſes—one muſt participate the
" puniſhment of the other.

" When you ſent me his anſwer to
" your card,* I diſcovered, in an inſtant,
" the conflict he endured—I traced the
" ſecret workings of reviving paſſion,

* See page 217, vol. 1.

" and *pitied*, whilſt I condemned his in-
" firmity—he talks not exultingly of the
" intended union—coldly and indiffer-
" ently, he calls it courting happineſs with
" another—he glows with no animated
" warmth, whilſt he mentions the event
" —he ſimulates no private triumph—
" but whilſt his bleeding heart is taught
" the leſſon of ſubmiſſion, he ingenuouſly
" tells you, that he has no hope of reco-
" vering his long-loſt peace, but *in* FOR-
" GETTING *the form of Auguſta Conway.*

" Can this modeſt, this humiliating
" appeal to your humanity, be interpret-
" ed into inſult? rather call it the laſt
" ſad ſtruggle of an hopeleſs paſſion,
" and for the *lover's* ſake commiſerate
" the *man.*

" Leave him, my dear, undiſturbed,
" to follow the flitting phantom which
" he

" he may fancy will lead him to hap-
" pineſs*——forget each other——look
" round, Auguſta, and if you ſtill deter-
" mine to extend your empire of con-
" queſt, there are ſufficient victims de-
" voted to your power—St. Aubyn has
" already lingered in miſerable capti-
" vity—Ah, Auguſta, be generous to
" the enemy you have ſubdued."

Whilſt the ladies were thus engaged, Mr. Douglas (whom it becomes neceſſary to keep an eye upon) renewed his correſpondence with his friend Nugent, and a letter appears, dated from Sherborne in Dorſetſhire, where the company he then belonged to, were performing —ſtill ſeeming to purſue his accuſtomed vein of levity, he animadverts rather

* Mr. St. Aubyn was not married, at the time this letter was written.

ſeverely on his brethren of the ſock—but here his ſituation differed materially from what he held at Tewkſbury—this was a reſpectable company, patronized by perſons of conſequence, and proportionably encouraged—nor were Douglas's abilities unnoticed—fond of the purſuit, he had ſedulouſly applied to it; and by this time had attained a flattering degree of reputation as a player, inſomuch that his ſalary (joined to that of his fair friend Lucilla, who paſſed under the name of Mrs. Manley, and was particularly uſeful in her line) afforded them very decent means of ſubſiſtence—one circumſtance, however, threatened to diſconcert Douglas, and that was the vicinity of this part of the country, to a certain ſcene of his diſgrace in Devonſhire—but he hoped as his name was different, and the ſphere

of

of life he now moved in, was altogether ſo foreign to the other, that he ſhould be lucky enough to eſcape unnoticed.

We ſhall now turn to Mr. St. Aubyn, whoſe nuptials were haſtening forward, and whatever Miſs Conway might have meditated againſt him, ſo far proved abortive, as the happy hour at length arrived in which he conducted his charming Emily to the altar.—Mrs. St. Aubyn, by her own account, was the happieſt of women, and merited every endearment that conjugal fidelity was capable of affording—nor was it a circumſtance leſs flattering to her views of happineſs, when St. Aubyn propoſed attending her into Ireland—and her pride was particularly gratified in this inſtance, for St. Aubyn was a character,

that,

that, to be admired, it was only neceſſary he ſhould be known.

In leſs than nine weeks after their departure from Matlock, they arrived ſafely in Dublin—the Colonel did not accompany them, having other objects in view, which will be found to give an unexpected turn to the incidents of this hiſtory.——

Colonel Alderton's character has been very faithfully pourtrayed in a former letter of St. Aubyn's—beſides the advantages of a graceful perſon and accompliſhed manners, he had latent qualities that were more intrinſically valuable; he had an excellent heart, and withal a tenderneſs in his nature that was particularly honorable to the intereſts of humanity—and a man ſo capable of adorning domeſtic life, deſerved, at any rate,

rate, his chance for happineſs—but a wayward kind of deſtiny ſeems to have hung over him—Colonel Alderton had ſuffered from an early attachment, not that he lived to mourn the infidelity of a capricious heart—a more fatal power had arreſted his courſe of hope and happineſs, and he was doomed to the anguiſh of beholding the beloved object of his affections ſuddenly ſnatched from life, and in the full poſſeſſion of youth and beauty conſigned to an early grave.

Colonel Alderton, with a manly and generous conſtancy, had long deplored his loſs, until time began to wear away the keen edge of reflection—his gayer aſſociates, indeed, had occaſionally deluded him into ſome of their purſuits, and amongſt others, equally pernicious, he had indiſcreetly flown to the bottle, as the readieſt paſſport to oblivion—till

at

at length, by adopting too conſtantly ſuch deſperate reſources, he fell into a decline, and his friends were very ſeriouſly alarmed for the conſequences.—Briſtol hot-wells had been recommended to him, but without effect—nor is it a circumſtance that ought to be paſſed over with indifference, that to Marlock was reſerved the honor of effecting his complete recovery.

Thus reſtored, the amiable Colonel began to rally his ſcattered ſpirits, and once more become a candidate for ſome of the ſofter enjoyments of life—a few days previous to his ſiſter's departure for Dublin, he had invited St. Aubyn to a private interview, and with the confidence of friendſhip, unboſomed a ſecret that a good deal chagrined him—this was no other than a growing partiality for Auguſta Conway—the Colonel had ſeen her

her at Matlock, and knew from St. Aubyn ſome of the circumſtances of Douglas's impoſition—not that he ſuppoſed *that* would avail him in facilitating the means of introduction, ſince it was a ſubject that delicacy ſhrunk from—but the hoſpitality ſo peculiar to the *Moat-houſe*, held out a general invitation to ſtrangers—and unleſs St. Aubyn could hit upon ſome more promiſing expedient, he determined to avail himſelf of the common privileges of a traveller.—

St. Aubyn, a good deal diſconcerted, (tho' he knew not why) at this unexpected diſcovery, could hardly reſolve what anſwer to make the Colonel.—We would fain hope, for the honor of St. Aubyn's character, that he had renounced every lurking thought which threatened to remind him improperly of Miſs Conway —certain it is, he did not receive the intelligence

intelligence with that cordiality which the other expected—whether St. Aubyn foreſaw danger in too cloſe an alliance with the former diſturber of his peace, or that a ſelfiſh motive (unworthy himſelf) prevailed for a moment, the future contents of theſe pages will beſt determine.

Be that as it may, nothing further on the ſubject ſeems to have paſſed between the two friends whilſt St. Aubyn remained in England—poſſibly the Colonel, from a motive of delicacy, forbare to urge it, and St. Aubyn was better pleaſed that he did ſo.—

Here the Editor lays down his pen, to give the reader an opportunity of knowing Miſs Conway's ſentiments on the Colonel, after his viſit to tho Moat-houſe.

SYD-

SYDNEY St. AUBYN.

LETTER XXIX.

To Miss Louisa Wentworth,

Upper Harley-Street.

The Moat-Houſe, Thurſday—

THE deed is done—St. Aubyn is married, and has tranſplanted his happy bride to the dear ſoil from whence ſhe ſprung. They left Bath, it ſeems, on ſaturday laſt; and favoring gales have, I ſuppoſe, by this time,

wafted them ſafely to their deſtined ſhore.

There, Louiſa, we will let them reſt *for the preſent*.—I have buſineſs of more importance on hand.

You know the character our ancient houſe has always borne for hoſpitality—my worthy uncle laboured to eſtabliſh its fame, and when he died, the truſt devolved to my aunt—to a more faithful agent it could not have been committed.

Yeſterday was ſet apart for receiving viſitors.—By the time our dinner bell rung, I underſtood upwards of ſixteen were aſſembled in the blue ſaloon—*in* my ladyſhip ſwam, dealing out her complacent looks with wonderful liberality.

By the time I had almoſt finiſhed my firſt round of gratulations, I eſpied my good

good aunt, in a very ſnug *tete-a-tete*, with a noble-looking fellow, elegantly habited *en militaire—him* I had not as yet deigned to notice, but it was not neceſſary that he ſhould eſcape me much longer.—I marched forwards, and my aunt bridling up with ſignificant conſequence, introduced the ſtranger to me.—"Auguſta, Colonel Alderton is come to pay his reſpects to us."—The name for a moment, gave me a ſort of electric touch, and I do not ſay, but my colour might be a *little* heightened—I courtſeyed.—"I had the honor of ſeeing Miſs Conway at Matlock.—In paſſing through the country, the character of this manſion received additional ſanction from my recollection of that circumſtance.—I am happy to congratulate you, Madam, on a reſtoration which muſt give ſuch

pleaſure to your friends—owing a good deal, myſelf, to the ſalubrity of Matlock, (for I, too, was an invalid there,) it is but juſtice that I ſhould, on every occaſion, bear grateful teſtimony to its efficacy."—" I certainly do not recollect having had the honor of ſeeing Colonel Alderton at Matlock, although I may be proud of any circumſtance that introduces a gentleman of his deſcription here—" and I ſmiled.—But this was not all—our eyes, rich with intelligence, met—I had opened the campaign, I ſaw, and it now became me to be guarded.

The Colonel, thought I, has vanity—ſo much the better—he knows St. Aubyn, and has doubtleſs heard of my exploits.—I muſt take care of this gentleman.

We

We dined—the Colonel *happened* to ſit next to me—his attention, his converſation, charmed me.

Now, whiſpers a little demon of miſchief, ten to one but this formidable hero is ſingled out by St. Aubyn, to carry on a ſiege againſt poor Auguſta's affections.—Well, be it ſo! I ſhall act upon the defenſive—let the good Colonel take care of himſelf.

More than ordinary ſkill, I thought, was neceſſary in conducting my manœuvres.—He ſays not a ſyllable about St. Aubyn, and ſomething muſt be ſaid.

" You had a friend with you at Matlock, Colonel—a gentleman of the name of——of St. Aubyn—"

—And I pretended to ſmother an imperfect ſigh.

He eyed me penetratingly, and ſeemed rather embarraſſed.

I dared not look up, but with downcaſt eyes ſeemed waiting for his reply.

" Mr. St. Aubyn, Madam, is a gentleman I was very ſoon taught to eſteem —perhaps you don't know that he has left England."

(Indeed I did not, but I began to give a ſhrewd gueſs into matters, and I had ſome difficulty to diſſemble my ſurprize.)

" I heard Mr. St. Aubyn was on the point of being married."

" He *was* married, Madam, ſome weeks ſince, and his union has brought me the acquiſition of a *brother*, I have every reaſon to be proud of.—A ſiſter of mine was ſo happy as to engage his affections—it was rather a ſudden affair, for our acquaintance only commenced at Matlock,

Matlock, and you will allow we have made a pretty good uſe of our time."

Now, Louiſa, tell me (for you are a better judge of our ſex than myſelf) what was the matter with me.—I could not, with all my addreſs, make this intelligence ſit eaſy upon me.—I am ſure I looked ſilly, and that the Colonel obſerved it—for there was an interval of at leaſt two minutes before either of us ſpoke.—I proteſt, I do not think I *ever* felt myſelf ſo much at a loſs before.—

Yet I had better ſay ſomething, ſince it was plain the Colonel meant to mortify me by waiting for my reply.

"Of the *lady's* merits I can have no doubt—I wiſh Mr. St. Aubyn may make her as happy as ſhe deſerves to be."

And this was the ill-natured remark that happened to eſcape me.

"My

" My ſiſter, Madam, is perfectly ſatisfied with the pledges ſhe has received of Mr. St. Aubyn's affection.—Happily ſhe knew how to diſcern merit, and with an honorable ſenſe of its value, to reward it."——

I looked at him, and fancied I ſaw ſomething in his eyes, that denoted a certain ſymptom of exultation whilſt he ſpoke.

But I dared not ſeem to be hurt at it —and thinking the Colonel, as a man of gallantry, would be glad of an opportunity to improve his time, rather more advantageouſly to himſelf, I ſhifted the ſubject.

So, indeed, it proved—for he now began to play off his artillery of love in earneſt—not that Colonel Alderton is one of thoſe ſhallow ſuperficial triflers

that

that uſes common-place talk, interlarded now and then with a ſudden ſpurt of compliment, merely to make it paſs current, or running into the other extreme, injudiciouſly lays on his colouring ſo thick, that the counterfeit may be diſcovered in an inſtant; *he* is a perfect adept in the ſcience of gallantry, and upon the whole, your friend is obliged to acknowledge that he gained ground upon her.—

St. Aubyn's mild and unoffending nature, was a fine ſubject for me to work upon; but there is a commanding ſomething about this Colonel, that I cannot get the better of.—He has a moſt expreſſive pair of charming eyes; and the artful wretch knows how to uſe them to the beſt advantage.

Yet

Yet the elegance with which he conducted himself, the delicate respect with which (on every subject but where St. Aubyn was concerned) he listened to my observations, and the melting languor which hung over his eyes, when accident threw in a hint that could be interpreted into gallantry, all confirmed the prepossession my heart (involuntarily) entertained for him.—I could not help admiring him, Louisa, and for the first time, your friend seriously wished to please.

We parted, I am sure, well pleased with each other—my aunt graciously made his invitation general, and he has promised us another visit before he leaves the country.

How singular is this incident in the little private history of your friend?—to think

think that, at laſt, Colonel Alderton ſhould really, in his own proper perſon, be ſeated by her ſide, ſeemingly diſpoſed to realize a ſcene that had, heretofore, been ſo artfully mimicked.

Really, my dear, I am at a loſs to tell you exactly my mind—the firſt and moſt important object I have in view is, to ſubdue the Colonel's proud heart, and teach him to own my power—that effected, what I ſhall afterwards do, is a ſecret that yet lurks in the myſterious boſom of fate.

You may expect to hear from me very ſhortly; but it will not be 'till I have ſeen the Colonel again——

Adieu—

ſtill ſincerely my Louiſa's,

AUGUSTA C.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

To Mrs. Grace Clements,

——Brook-Dale, Devon.

Bath, Friday Evening.

My good Mrs. Clements,

I HAVE requeſted Colonel Alderton, who is a very particular friend of mine, to leave this with you; and he will, at the ſame time, inform you of ſome circumſtances which have lately taken place in regard to myſelf, that make it very unlikely I ſhould (for ſome time at leaſt) viſit your part of the country.

If

If you have any thing that requires to be perſonally communicated, you may ſafely confide it to my friend—or if it is neceſſary that you ſhould write to me on the ſubject, he will be ſo good as to give you my addreſs.

I have ſent ſomething more than my uſual allowance, leſt, by being at ſuch a diſtance, any thing ſhould happen that may intercept, or retard, an immediate communication with you.—I know that I can ſafely rely on your continuing to cheriſh the lovely orphan.—You witneſſed the promiſe I made its dying mother, and are, therefore, intereſted with me in its preſervation.—

I heartily wiſh you happy and well.

And am truly,

your friend,

SYDNEY ST. AUBYN

LETTER XXXI.

To Colonel Alderton,

Poſt-Office, Bath.

Dublin, Friday.

INDEBTED to the elegant endearments of the loveliest of women, for that ſhare of happineſs I at preſent enjoy, it ſhould hardly ſeem that one wiſh remains ungratified—but friendſhip will ever preſerve its claim ſacred with me, and I therefore haſten to open our correſpondence.

My deareſt Emily has fondly declared, that ſhe thought it impoſſible to meet with

with any addition to her felicity, but the pleaſure ſhe felt in once again joining the circle of her affectionate friends, has convinced her that it *was* capable of increaſe.—

I am delighted, my friend, with your charming ſiſter, Harriet; and every hour affords me freſh reaſon to bleſs the event that has united me to ſo amiable a family.

Our paſſage from Park-gate was rapid and pleaſant.—We embarked about four in the afternoon of tueſday, and early on thurſday morning we found ourſelves riding in the Bay of Dublin.—

The circumſtance of meeting friends and relatives from whom we have been long ſeparated, is highly flattering to the feelings of affection—but the bare recital would yield no particular ſatisfaction.—

Emily, my Emily was welcomed with every teſtimony of regard due to her worth and virtues; and your friend, your brother, Colonel, was honored with more than his ſhare of approbation.—

We have as yet decided on no permanent eſtabliſhment; but in the courſe of a few weeks it ſhall reſt with Mrs. St. Aubyn to determine (as ſhe judges beſt) on our future plans.—The dear girl earneſtly conjures me to mention her as affectionately as I can to her beſt of brothers—Whilſt, for myſelf, I am content with aſſuring you, that I am truly and unalterably your's,

SYDNEY ST. AUBYN.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

To Sydney St. Aubyn, Esq.

Grafton-Street, Dublin,

The Moor-ſide Inn, Thurſday Evening.

I HAVE ſeen this tranſcendant beauty, this elegant all-accompliſhed Auguſta Conway.

And my friend will forgive me, if I tell him that I mean to become a candidate for her heart.

Haughty and impenetrable I believe it to be—nor is the enterprize free from

danger—but we men of war, St. Aubyn, love a little hazard where the glory is proportioned.——

I wonder not at the painful reluctance it coſt you to ſurrender her.

But indeed, St. Aubyn, your ſyſtem of gallantry was erroneous at the outſet.—Auguſta Conway is to be ſubdued—but it muſt be by the very weapons ſhe thinks herſelf armed with.

Leave her to me—nor deem it vanity if I pronounce that this obdurate fair one ſhall never triumph over Alderton:—nay, could I at this moment explore the ſecret ſentiments of her ſoul, I would pledge my exiſtence that ſhe is already afraid of me.—

I feel that I muſt love her, notwithſtanding—but there is a certain dignity in us, lords of the creation, that ſhall keep

keep me above any unworthy humiliation.—I will love her, but it ſhall be my own way.——

Her aunt is an excellent character—nay, Auguſta herſelf is intrinſically amiable—it is only the external that is faulty.—Within, all is as it ſhould be.

I write, St. Aubyn, for all the world like a lover; and you may diſcover a thouſand inconſiſtencies—but the fit will go off by degrees, and when ſober, I ſhall take up my pen again.——

Adieu,——

your's ever,

F. ALDERTON.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Same.

The Moor-ſide Inn, Sunday.

THE morning after my enchanting interview with Miſs Conway, I ſet out to pay my promiſed viſit to the widow's cottage.—It was not neceſſary, but it ſo happened, that I paſſed the *Moat-Houſe* in my way, and was honored with a familiar wave from the fair hand of the divine Auguſta.—She was with ſome more ladies in the pavillion at the ſouth corner of the front lawn; and I knew not that I was the object of their obſervation,

vation, 'till turning round, I diſcovered a ſet of graces aſſembled in like manner as we read of thoſe, of old, on Mount Ida.—I pauſed for a moment (but it was after I had returned their ſalute) to conſider whether I ſhould return and trifle away an hour, or boldly reſiſt the temptation.—Had any other female but Miſs Conway been concerned, I ſhould have determined in an inſtant; but *ſhe* might draw an inference, too flattering (I thought) to her pride, and that was not likely to anſwer *my* ſyſtem of gallantry.

Pleaſed with my wonderful fortitude, I haſtened towards the hamlet, and leaving the hill to the left, ſoon came in view of the cottage.——

Neatneſs and ſimplicity are ſo well known to preſide over theſe humble dwellings,

dwellings, that it is needleſs for me to dwell on a deſcription—but there was ſomething ſo ſingularly pleaſing, ſo peculiarly picturesque in the ſcene around, that I longed for the pencil of an able artiſt to immortalize the landſcape.—I ſtopt—my ear caught the diſtant waterfall—now it ruſhed violently down the precipice, and rudely roared—now its courſe was checked, and the expiring murmurs died away on the gale—now the lowing herds faintly broke the ſolemn ſilence—the ſheep-bell tinkled, and the faithful village maſtiff announced the traveller's approach—whilſt the jealous gander, with angry advances, hiſſed his unappeaſable hoſtility to ſtrangers.—I paſſed on, and arrived at the cottage door.—I tapt—but no one appeared—I liſtened, and heard, or fancied I heard,

the

the voice of a female, fondly exerted in careſſes towards an infant.—Again I tapt—all was ſilent—I ventured to lift the latch, and ſtill uninterrupted, proceeded forwards to a little room, where, without being obſerved, I ſaw an elegant female habited in deep ſables, hanging in affectionate ſilence over a beautiful infant—loſt in thought, ſhe heard, or heeded me not.—I addreſſed her with that reſpect her appearance demanded.—She ſtarted—and catching up the infant was precipitately retreating with it.

Anxious to apologize for my abrupt intruſion, I entreated the lady to be ſo good as to inform me if I was not in Mrs. Clements's cottage—that I might poſſibly have been miſtaken, and if ſo, I had certainly committed a treſpaſs that I knew not how to atone for.——

" Mrs.

" Mrs. Clements, Sir, is gone a little way—ſhe will return preſently;"—and ſhe flew up ſtairs with the infant.

But almoſt immediately returning, ſhe ſeemed to have collected herſelf, and complacently begged me to be ſeated.

" I was rather alarmed, Sir, at the ſudden appearance of a ſtranger, and I dare ſay, I received you very uncourteouſly—You are a friend of Mrs. Clements's—"

And ſhe apologized, and we ſat down together.

" I am not known, Madam, to the worthy widow of this place, although I have heard a good deal of her character. I bring her a letter from a friend of mine, and I am rather inclined to think that the lovely infant you juſt took away with you, is the ſubject of it."

She

She turned pale and trembled.

Fearing I might fall into another error, I thought it beſt to be explicit at once.

The letter is from Mr. St. Aubyn, who, I underſtand, is the protector of the little orphan of this cottage.——

Her agitation increaſed—I ſaw a wildneſs in her eyes—no friendly tear came to her relief—her boſom ſwelled, but even a ſigh was more than ſhe could accompliſh—ſhe ſunk back and fainted.

I called for help, but not a ſoul came near me—a china jar ſtood on the chimney-piece, in which I found ſome water, and I ſprinkled it over her face.——

But no ſymptoms of recovery appearing, I ran out to call ſome paſſing traveller—at the door I fortunately met a matronly form, that, from your de-

ſcription, I knew was Mrs. Clements.

What ſhe thought of me, at the inſtant, I know not; for without any kind of ceremony, I laid violent hands upon her, and pulling her in, told her, that a lady in the cottage was in a fit.

She took no notice of this addreſs, ſingular as it was, but hurried paſt me, and in a moment after, I ſaw her ſupporting the head of the inſenſate fair one.

"Excuſe me, Mrs. Clements—I bring "a letter from Mr. St. Aubyn to you"—(and I offered it to her)—"I hap-"pened to mention the name rather "ſuddenly to the lady—it overpowered "her, and ſhe fainted."——

She beckoned me to put the letter down on the table, and not to ſpeak—

I with-

I withdrew into the little garden behind the houſe.

Were I writing to a correſpondent, to whom a picture of this kind were ſtrange, I would endeavour to excite his curioſity, or amuſe his fancy with a ſketch of the widow's cottage.—I would dwell upon

" The new-waſh'd hearth—the nicely ſanded floor,"

and the thouſand little neatneſſes, (almoſt amounting to elegancies) that diſtinguiſh this humble retreat of rural ſimplicity—but to you, St. Aubyn, it is familiar, for you have happily realized what fancy can never be equal to.

In a very little time, the good matron called me in—the lady had recovered,

and retired up ſtairs to compoſe herſelf.——

" I beg pardon, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " wip-
" ing away a tear, I would not for the
" world offend any gentleman that came
" from Mr. St. Aubyn.—God knows,
" I honor him too much for that—but
" this poor ſoul has gone thro' a good
" deal of trouble—her frame is weak,
" and ſhe is unable to ſtruggle againſt
" violent ſurprizes."——

" I am ſorry, Mrs. Clements, that my
" coming in ſo abruptly ſhould occaſion
" ſuch a diſtreſſing circumſtance."——

" —Ah, Sir, you little think who this
" young woman is—I wiſh Mr. St. Au-
" byn, himſelf, was here—had he been
" in your place, he would have known
" her—altho' at firſt he might have ta-
" ken it for a phantom.—My honored
" benefactor

" benefactor writes about a ſecret that
" ſome time ſince I told him I would
" communicate whenever I had the
" happineſs to ſee him—and he ſays I
" may confide it to you, Sir—alas, the
" ſecret has diſcovered itſelf—the lady
" you ſaw is the mother of our little
" charge—whom it was neceſſary, for
" the ſake of cutting off all enquiry
" about, we ſhould ſay was dead—there
" yet lives the villain that ſeduced her—
" and whilſt he exiſts, he muſt never
" know it.—Mr. St. Aubyn left her in
" a fainting fit, which we all thought
" was the ſleep of death—but ſhe came
" to, and gradually recovered—then it
" was, that we concerted together the
" ſcheme of giving out that ſhe died—
" I impoſed upon my beſt friend, but
" the ſtratagem was harmleſs, and was

" intended to anſwer a good purpoſe—
" yet I longed to divulge it, and could
" not have died eaſy without doing ſo—
" by and bye, you ſhall ſpeak with her—
" 'tis ſomething very extraordinary, that
" this is the firſt viſit I have had from her
" ſince ſhe took her leave of me, and ſhe
" only came yeſterday morning—hap-
" pily, her reputation has not ſuffered in
" her part of the world—her father re-
" ceived her with affection, and what-
" ever *ſlander* might have wiſhed to
" utter, it neceſſarily ſleeps, becauſe it
" dares not do more than ſuſpect—in-
" deed providence has watched over her
" with uncommon attention, from the
" firſt moment ſhe was deluded into er-
" ror—and ſhe may yet live to honor the
" ſtations of mother and of wife—'tis a
" bad way, Sir, to diſcard a poor crea-

" ture

" ture that has done amiſs—better by
" far try to reclaim, and encourage her
" into a ſenſe of her indiſcretion.—*One*
" *imprudent ſtep* is no proof of depra-
" vity—and the LAPSE of a heart, that is
" not familiarized to vice, is to be re-
" paired by repentance."

This liberal allowance for the fail-ings of her own ſex, in an inſtant, confirmed all you had ſaid of this good woman's worth—my heart ſilent-ly honored the humble lips that ut-tered ſuch generous ſentiments.——

" I had a letter, Sir, (indeed I believe
" it is now in the houſe) written by Miſs
" Warburton, and addreſſed to Mr. St.
" Aubyn—if that worthy gentleman had
" come into Devonſhire, we agreed (for
" we uſed to correſpond together) that
" he ſhould be undeceived as to her

" death,

" death, and that the letter ſhould in-
" troduce the diſcovery.—I think I ſhall
" aſk her for it, and, when you commu-
" nicate the tidings which this day
" has furniſhed you with, you may, at
" the ſame time, ſend the letter."

The good creature now importuned me to take ſome little refreſhment—" I have lived better, Sir," ſaid ſhe, " and " know how I *ought* to entertain my " friends, but you will accept the will " for the deed."——

I put a little currant wine into a tumbler, with ſome excellent ſpring-water, and reliſhed it mightily.

Preſently the lady made her appearance, and I found it had been determined to forego all kind of ſuperfluous ceremony.

Miſs

Miſs Warburton is by no means handſome, but there is ſomething in her form and manner that challenges admiration. —She has a meek, plaintive voice, a lively, warm ſenſibility, (to which I dare ſay ſhe fell a martyr) and is, upon the whole, what may be pronounced an engaging, agreeable figure.——

She went over the hiſtory of Douglas's perfidy and ingratitude (which you are pretty well informed of), and continued her narrative to the preſent criſis; but as I underſtand her letter (which I have encloſed) contains a more circumſtantial account, it is unneceſſary to introduce it here.—She added ſomething to it, after her interview with me, and having reſealed the letter, delivered it into my hands, with ſome expreſſions that do a great

great deal of honor to my friend St. Aubyn.——

I don't know that I was ever more pleaſed with a morning adventure.—I am ſure it will give you equal ſatisfaction, for I have often heard you mention (with a degree of regret that proved what you felt), the melancholy fate of the unfortunate Maria—nor will you do otherwiſe than applaud her for the diſcreet meaſures ſhe took to cut off all poſſibility of future intercourſe with her faithleſs ſeducer.

She gave me an opportunity of kiſſing the lovely little babe, and when I took my leave of her, there was more expreſſion in ONE TEAR which ſtarted in *her eye*, and withheld from her the powers of language, than the moſt exalted eloquence is capable of.——

« I am

I am not apt to melt, but my heart had been ſoftened before, and now caught an irreſiſtible ſympathy—nor will I bluſh to tell you, St. Aubyn, that a *reſponſive drop* rolled down my cheek, whilſt I reſpectfully ſaluted her hand, bowed and departed.

My way home was conſiderably ſhortened, for ſome intelligent peaſants had directed me acroſs a field that led to a church yard, which I had no ſooner paſſed thro' than I was in view of the inn.——

And here my letter cloſes—to-morrow I repeat my viſit to the Moat-houſe.—You may anticipate the reſult, St. Aubyn, if, acquitting your friend of vanity, you chuſe to judge of *his* expectations on the occaſion.

My

My ſiſters all ſhare, in common with yourſelf, the affectionate regard of

Yours

ALDERTON.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

To Sydney St. Aubyn, Esq.

(enclosed in the preceding.)

The Parsonage-House, B——y,
October —— 17——

THE heart that is uniformly engaged in acts of benevolence, receives, with no particular emotion, the common acknowledgments of gratitude, —it has a richer source of satisfaction in itself—in contemplating the good it has happily effected.——

—Yet, when weeping ſenſibility pours forth, thro' tears, her unaffected offering to worth and virtue, and appears the gentle handmaid of gratitude, will not a character, even illuſtrious as Mr. St. Aubyn's, deign to accept the tribute, and enhance the value of the favors he has beſtowed, by ſeeming ſatisfied that they have been *felt*, and are acknowledged as they ought to be ?

Yes, moſt generous of men, it is the trembling pen of the once wretched Maria that addreſſes you—ſhe whom your humanity ſheltered—ſhe whom you reſcued from deſtruction, that ſhe might live to bleſs you.——

Nor will Maria be ſatisfied that her full heart is enabled to unburthen itſelf—that dear infant, whoſe protector you promiſed

promiſed to be, ſhall be early taught to liſp its benefactor's praiſe.——

I remember in what manner you promiſed to cheriſh the little outcaſt—and I alſo know how religiouſly you have adhered to it—alas! it had no friend but Mr. St. Aubyn—but HIS WORD was worth a thouſand friends!

Mrs. Clements is next entitled to my acknowledgments—but *ſhe* has witneſſed what *I felt* when I thanked her—and I have ſeen what *ſhe felt* when ſhe intreated me to ſpare the ſubject.——

It was wrong to impoſe upon you, Mr. St. Aubyn—becauſe it coſt you a valuable tear that you kindly dropt to my misfortunes—and, beſides, your generous heart felt a pang that I, above all, ought to have ſpared it.—

But you left the country very unexpectedly—and we had no opportunity of imparting to you our deſign, unleſs we committed it to *letters*—and they have been known to fail.

You know in what diſtraction of mind I ſtole from my poor father's dwelling—I left him a letter to explain the dreadful neceſſity, and tho' it was a ſevere ſhock, providence ſtrengthened him to bear up againſt it.

After my recovery I wrote to him again—I owned my indiſcretion, and ſued for his forgiveneſs—poor, good, old man—he loved me—he forgave me.

Committing my infant to Mrs. Clements's protection, I ventured home—Douglas I had taken care ſhould be apprized of my pretended death—and it was not likely that he ſhould come into

into that part of the country to diſturb me.

My venerable father ſhook his head when he ſaw me—but filial affection ruſhed into his heart—the big drops rolled down his aged cheeks—I ſaw his agony, and would have given the world to have had the power of ſoothing him—I knew it was in vain—the ſtruggle overcame me, and I fainted.

Buſied in reſtoring his unworthy child, he forgot my error in my ſufferings.

I recovered, and to encourage me to be comforted, he promiſed, he affectionately promiſed, that this one falſe ſtep ſhould be forgotten—I *muſt* earneſtly repent, and *he would ſtill* be my father.

Nor did my worthy ſire forfeit his promiſe—a cloud ſettled on his brow, and he would ſometimes look tenderly at

me, and ſigh—but he ſpoke not—nor from the firſt moment of my ſeeing him till the preſent, has he ſuffered a word to eſcape him that could be interpreted into reproach.——

The villagers love him—he has been their paſtor for almoſt half a century—and if they think any thing amiſs, they conceal it, for they would deem it ſacrilege to offend him.

Thus reſtored to the favor of *my earthly* parent, I have now to make peace with my God—I feel comforted, and the ſilent unwitneſſed tears which I ſhed, when I muſe over my misfortunes, are the genuine drops of penitence and ſorrow.—

I hear from Mrs. Clements once a month—ſometimes oftener—ſhe cheriſhes my little one with true maternal fondneſs—and God will bleſs her for it—I long

long to ſee my little darling, but I dare not.——

The diſtance is more than ſeventy miles—a long journey to undertake, without aſſigning ſome reaſonable pretext!—beſides my poor father gets very infirm, and I would not for the world leave him.—

Mrs. Clements tells me, ſhe has hinted ſomething of a ſecret that ſhe wiſhes to reveal to you—the worthy creature writes me word that ſhe expects you in her part of the world, and begs me to ſend a letter that may break the matter, and convince you that I am really living.

It is on this account I have taken up my pen—but I have done with acknowledgments—they would be irkſome if repeated—I may yet live to ſee you, Sir, and to thank you for your goodneſs to

me

me and my little one—till when, the prayers that I put up " to the great diſ- " penſer of all good," are unceaſingly directed to the proſperity of Mr. St. Aubyn.

Adieu—Sir—if you are always as happy as you deſerve to be, it will be unneceſſary to have a wiſh from

MARIA WARBURTON.

(CON-

(CONTINUED

By Miss Warburton,

after her interview with Colonel Alderton in the Cottage.)

From Mrs. Clements' Cottage—

Wedneſday.—

MY poor father is no more—I hope I have not to accuſe myſelf of curtailing his days, ſince he ſeemed to have forgotten, as well as to have forgiven my *firſt* and *only* indiſcretion, and

to

to have lived to an age when nature is neceſſarily expected to decay—he was upwards of ſeventy.

I have watered his grave with my tears—the affectionate kindneſs he ſhewed to me in the latter ſtage of his life, after I had offended him, is not the leaſt painful circumſtance in remembrance—it embitters every tender regret, and continually reminds me how unnatural I muſt have been to have wounded the feelings of ſo good a father.

Ah! merciful heaven—where ſlept my guardian angel, at the moment my rebel heart wandered from virtue? from *that* virtue which would have been my comfort, and ſupported me thro' every affliction?

Morning ſees my conſcious cheeks ſtained

ſtained with bluſhes, and evening leaves them moiſtened with tears.

* * * * * *

I have bid a laſt farewell to my native village, and am going to London—I dare ſay there are *ſome* good people there—I have a relation ſettled in a place called Whitechapel—who has invited me to her houſe.

My father had not an independence to leave me—but being his only child, he had ſaved near a thouſand pounds, which I am in poſſeſſion of.

Mrs. Clements (to whoſe cottage I haſtened with all a mother's anxiety) will ſtill be my little one's protectreſs. the time may come when I may preſs it again to my fond embrace—till when, my heart feels that it is ſafe and happy.

Your noble friend, Colonel Alderton, ſurprized

ſurprized me this morning—he has heard my ſtory.——

And I own I enter on the world, Sir, with ſome impreſſions very favorable to your ſex—if there are many ſuch characters as Mr. St. Aubyn and Colonel Alderton, it cannot be a bad world—for honor and ſenſibility muſt ſtill be connected with it.——

I feel myſelf an humbled victim to fatal indiſcretion, and perhaps the congratulations I offer Mr. St. Aubyn may offend him—the Colonel tells me you are married—let me appeal to heaven to witneſs if I have not, on my knees, fervently implored every bleſſing, every proſperity to await you—whoever the happy lady is that has ſecured ſuch a heart as Mr. St. Aubyn's—ſhe has a treaſure which ſhe can never ſufficiently prize.

Go—

Go, Sir—the favorite of fortune—the repreſentative of honor and virtue—go, and enjoy the rich rewards ſo eminently due to your exalted worth—whilſt I, abſent and remote, will learn to contemplate your unexampled goodneſs, and ſilent and unwitneſſed, inceſſantly bleſs the hand to which I and my little one do owe our preſervation.——

Mr. St. Aubyn—I can no more!

Maria Warburton.

LETTER XXXV.

To Miss Louisa Wentworth.

The Moat-House.

Thurſday.

NOW, my dear, prepare for a moſt intereſting article of intelligence—haſte away to your cloſet—ſhut yourſelf in, quite private and ſafe from intruſion, then, whilſt you are perfectly collected and

and at leiſure, read ANECDOTES OF THE TWENTY-SECOND YEAR OF THE LIFE OF AUGUSTA CONWAY.

The magnanimous Colonel Alderton, after all his dexterity and manœuvres, after all his pretty little tricks and contrivances, has (hear it, Louiſa, and triumph !) abſolutely thought proper to capitulate and ſurrender.

And after all, my dear, I can be a Colonel's lady.

Charmingly equipt for the important engagement, my hero made his appearance yeſterday—we had not much company, and were therefore *en famille* below ſtairs.

Dinner over, my poliſhed ſwain politically abandoned his bottle for his miſtreſs, and very graciouſly ſued for the

honor of my company in the garden.—I humoured him, and conducted my trembling captive to a pavillion, from whence a day or two ſince I had eſpied him in one of his ſolitary rambles (thinking, I ſuppoſe, of his Auguſta,) and had deigned to let him know that I ſaw him.

Here love made him eloquent indeed! never were my ſenſes ſo thoroughly abſorbed before—I was abſolutely intoxicated beyond myſelf, inſomuch that I knew not what I ſaid—but I certainly was not very ſevere—for I remember my glove *happened* to be off my right hand, and the *audacious preſuming* wretch ſeized the poor undefended limb, as if he was nclined to devour it.

Well—I believe I might ſay, altho' it ſeemed

ſeemed to be very reluctantly extorted from me, (and of courſe it was neceſſary that my accents ſhould faulter,) " that " Colonel Alderton could never be conſi- " dered as an unwelcome viſitor in any " family—that my aunt was my ſincereſt " friend—and if—if—if Mrs. Villers " approved of it, ſhe might—he might " —we might—now—go into the houſe " again."——

We did ſo—towards the evening the Colonel grew a little more ſerious— " might he depend on me?—had he no- " thing to dread from any prior attach- " ment?"—and I thought he was miſ- chievouſly glancing at St. Aubyn.——

I ſpoke—but my words were dreſt in ambiguity—he was not to be amuſed from the direct point—again he tried to lead me to it—I pretended at laſt to under-

ſtand him, and I left it to my eyes to anſwer.

I ſuppoſe, Louiſa, I muſt marry him. —Well—St. Aubyn has had his whim that way, and my time muſt come—what think you my dear, will Mrs. St. Aubyn's huſband be pleaſed with this family commutation?—Now, draw yourſelf up, my ſober ſentimental girl, and aſk what right he has to be thought of? —Remember, Louiſa, I told you I had not done with my gentleman yet!—he ſhall ſee what I am capable of—he ſhall ſee what real love can accompliſh—that Auguſta Conway might *ſhine* as a ſpinſter, but that ſhe is *unrivalled* as a wife.

Do you know we have already talked about parchments—my aunt has left it to me—I to my aunt—the Colonel to us both—

both—and ſo, my dear, things are *entrain.*—More hereafter.

I remain,

Affectionately, yours,

AUGUSTA CONWAY.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mr. Manley.

Poſt-Office, Sherborne.

London, Wedneſday night.

Dear Manley,

A PERSON is come expreſs from Ireland, with ſome letters of great importance to you—I believe they relate to your family, and may probably bring agreeable tidings—by accident I ſaw

ſaw the meſſenger, and wiſhed him to deliver the letters to me, that I might forward them—but his orders were to give them only to yourſelf.——

You had better get a week's furlough, and come to town.

Yours ſincerely,

NUGENT.

LET-

LETTER XXXVII.

To Sydney St. Aubyn, Esq.

Dublin.

Adelphi, Friday.

YOUR letter gave me much pleaſure*—and but that *I* am not diſpoſed to conſider this as the age of romance, Colonel Alderton's adventure in the

* Mr. St. Aubyn had informed his friend very circumſtantially of all that had paſſed in the widow's cottage, and at the ſame time encloſed a tranſcript of Miſs Warburton's letter.

the cottage, and the unexpected reſtoration of Maria, ſeem rather ſuitable to *a tale of thoſe times.*

It will ſtrike you as very ſingular, but I had ſcarcely finiſhed your packet, and was folding it up to depoſit it where I uſually do, in my eſcritoir, when my new ſervant, entering, informed me that a ſtranger below deſired to have an interview with me—his name, he had told my man, was immaterial, as he had not the honor of being known to me.——

I deſired him to ſhew the gentleman in.

My back was towards the door, but in the glaſs before me I could ſee who entered.

The ſtranger was cloſely buttoned up in a blue ſurtout, with a red collar—his hair was diſhevelled, but he ſeemed to have the

the mien and addreſs of a gentleman.—I turned round to receive his ſalute, and found I was honored with a viſit from —Mr. Douglas.

He apologized reſpectfully for the intruſion, and ſaid whatever might be my preſent prejudices, he truſted, before we parted, I ſhould have reaſon to be more ſatisfied with him, than when his miſconduct brought on him the diſgraceful defeat he ſuffered in Devon.

—I ought to hear what he had to ſay—and I deſired him to be ſeated.

" I have been, Mr. Sullivan, wild " and profligate—and have plunged " with dangerous precipitation in- " to every depravity—I have had " my crimes—I have had alſo my pu-

" niſhments -

niſhments—my relations (which are of no mean diſtinction) diſcarded me, and at the moment you came and detected me, I was indeed a deſperate adventurer.

" But tho' neceſſity had urged me to ſuch meaſures, I had ſenſibility enough to *feel* my diſgrace—I know, Sir, that had it not been for my imprudences—I might have been nearly the character I repreſented.

" Trained up to better purſuits, my proſpects in life were flattering—one of my earlieſt indiſcretions broke my poor mother's heart—and I loſt my beſt, my only friend—A ſecond error forfeited me the little favor I enjoyed from my father—his reſentment was implacable—he renounced, and abandoned me to the world.

" I came to London, the ſcene of diſſipation and pleaſure—my money was gone—I aſſociated with gamblers—intemperance was at war with reaſon—they occaſionally adminiſtered to my wants, till an opportunity offered, when they might proſtitute thoſe few abilities nature had endowed me with—the ſcheme of marrying ſome rich heireſs, or ſome amorous widow, was ſet on foot—and I ought to bluſh to ſay, that my countrymen are in general the chief contrivers of thoſe unworthy projects.

" You, Sir, know how my firſt—my only attempt ſucceeded—but had you known what I felt at the moment, whatever might have been your indignation, it would have given way to pity.—Had a piſtol been within my reach, by heaven it ſhould have diſpatched me.——

" Forſaking

"Forſaking purſuits ſo repugnant to my feelings, I became one of a country company of players—my firſt *entreè* was at Tewkſbury—there I might have ſtarved, but chance brought me into Devonſhire, where having acquired ſome degree of reputation, I made ſhift to ſupport myſelf comfortably—until a circumſtance of a moſt extraordinary nature brought me up to London.

"I was an only ſon, Mr. Sullivan, and my father's implacability continuing, he meant to diſinherit me—he had made a will, ſome years ſince, and left me one hundred and fifty pounds a year, to be paid monthly at the houſe of a banker at Waterford—but being determined to cut me off with a ſhilling, (for I had never taken any notice of him ſince I left Ireland)—he cancelled this will, and

before he made another, an apoplexy carried him off—ſo that at this moment I am become poſſeſſed of all his property and effects.——

Thoſe letters addreſſed to bankers and merchants, whom I dare ſay you know, will teſtify the truth of what I ſay—(and he produced a packet, and laid it on the table.)——

" Behold me, now, Sir, a gentleman, —if the qualifications of fortune are ſufficient for that title.—My father's poſſeſſions were not leſs than two thouſand a year—a fortune far exceeding my expectations.——

" Having been ſo long inured to do wrong, the firſt thing for me to conſider is how to do right.—

" I would fain make retribution to all I have injured—at leaſt where I can—

God

God knows, one crime hangs heavy upon my mind—the conſciouſneſs of which I have ſeverely felt ſince I had the means of enjoying the comparative bleſſings of independence.——

" You will ſhudder, Sir, when I tell you I have been guilty of murder.—

" I HAVE MURDERED THE ONLY CHILD OF MY BEST BENEFACTOR."

—Here Douglas pauſed—he aroſe from his chair—and made towards the window—his handkerchief was applied to his eyes—I ſaw a tear, and forgot the needy adventurer in the ſuffering man.

" When Mr. Douglas has concluded his ſtory (and I muſt ſay I feel diſpoſed to give him credit for his candor and ſincerity) he ſhall be welcome to my advice—provided he convinces me that conviction has wrought on his mind a

determination to do right—proceed, Sir, I begin to forget my prejudices!"

He bowed—

"One winter's night I had been travelling on foot a great way, and exhauſted and worn out, had miſtaken my path—it was in the town part of Devonſhire—money I had none, nor any proſpect of getting up to town but by fineſſe and ſtratagem—the night advanced, and at the extremity of a ſolitary church-yard, I eſpied a light—it iſſued from the lower window of an humble dwelling, and I was tempted to ſeek ſhelter for the night.—I knocked at the door—a venerable looking man opened it—I feigned a ſtory—his heart dilated with genuine hoſpitality—he invited me in, and when ſeated, he welcomed me cordially—his daughter did the ſame—ſimplicity of manners,

manners, and happy urbanity diſtinguiſhed them both.—I am a little converſant in the ways of the world—and I ſuppoſe my manners and obſervations pleaſed them—they owned their partiality and forgot I was a ſtranger.——

" For four months (by continued and renewed contrivances) I ſojourned comfortably in this hoſpitable retreat—the old man began to eſteem me—unnatural, ungrateful wretch that I was, to meditate ſo baſe a return—poor Maria's ſuſceptible heart was not proof againſt the wily artifices of deſigning gallantry—I knew how to impoſe upon her, ſo as to take advantage of her unſuſpicious nature—I talked to her of love—ſhe bluſhed—I kiſſed her yielding cheek—ſhe faultered—ſhe doubted—and was undone.

" Conſcious

" Conſcious guilt ſoon made me hurry from a family I had ſo irremediably injured—I left the poor deluded creature pregnant—ſhe knew not, nor did ſhe ſuſpect me of an intention to betray, or to forſake her—I ſtole, like a thief, from the polluted dwelling of innocence—never more to witneſs the deſolation I had made.

" The fatal ſecret now began to threaten its own diſcovery—ſhe wrote to an addreſs in London, which I gave her, but I noticed it not—and I have ſince heard that the unfortunate victim to my perfidy, aſhamed to meet the reproaches of her father, wandered into a diſtant part of the country, and there, under the ſhelter of a humane cottager, juſt lived to ſee her miſerable infant born, and broken-hearted, expired.

" What

" What became of her unhappy father I know not—but if I could poſſibly ſhed a glance of comfort on the evening of his days, if, forgiving me, he would deign to owe to my hands the means of independence, may heaven for ever renounce me, if half my fortune ſhould not cheerfully be at his command.——

" Mr. St. Aubyn, Sir, I once had the honor of an acquaintance with—he wrote, and pleaded very feelingly for poor Maria—but I diſregarded all his remonſtrances—alas! I was hoarding up miſery to embitter my every future moments.——

" If you are ſtill in the habit of correſponding with that gentleman, you may, perhaps, tell me where I can addreſs him—I am told the little infant I was villain

lain enough to abandon, has been ever ſince its birth under his protection.——

" Give me, Sir, at leaſt an opportunity of thanking him—and perhaps he will give me the heart-felt ſatisfaction of cheriſhing, myſelf, (if it ſtill lives) this melancholy pledge of my guilty love—I have lived to know that repentance may ſuffer the remembrance of paſt indiſcretions—and my future life ſhall prove that I was ſincere when I ſaid ſo."——

Douglas had thrown himſelf too much off his guard by the ingenuouſneſs of his manner, to leave me any doubt of his ſincerity—indeed, you may remember I told you, when I ſaw his precipitate retreat from Devonſhire, that there was ſomething

ſomething in his manner that excited my pity.——

He ſtaid near three hours with me, during which I talked a good deal to him, and was more than uſually ſerious. —You know I was then in poſſeſſion of Maria's ſecret—and I felt no difficulty in giving him my ſolemn promiſe that you ſhould be informed of all that had paſſed at this interview—he ſeemed very thankful, and requeſting me to accept his addreſs, took his leave of me.

His behaviour upon the whole was firm, reſpectful, and conſiſtent—and if I am not groſsly miſtaken, the man will yet be found to have ſome principles, which, properly exerted, may repair the errors and indiſcretions of his youth.

But,

But, judge yourſelf, my friend, from what I have reported of the man, and candidly ſay, if you think I may venture to look forward with any hope to his making honorable reſtitution to Maria. —I own I am inclined to think if the affair is diſcreetly managed, he may be brought to think a reconciliation with her, one of the happieſt events that could befal him, and if you ſee no cauſe to diſapprove it, I will take upon myſelf to accompliſh it.

I have written to Mrs. Clements to deſire her to inform me of Miſs Warburton's place of reſidence—I have taken the liberty to ſay, that it is by your deſire—but my motive I keep a profound ſecret.——

You ſhall hear the progreſs of the

buſineſs,

buſineſs, the inſtant it gets footing.

Adieu—every affectionate wiſh awaits you, and your amiable Emily, from

Yours,

STAFFORD SULLIVAN.

LETTER XXXVIII.*

To Stafford Sullivan, Esq.

London.

Dublin, Friday morning.

YOUR friend, the amiable St. Aubyn, the husband of my heart, is unable to write to you.—Oh! Mr. Sullivan,

* The next Letter in this collection is from the Colonel to his friend, St. Aubyn, and contains a warm recital of his advances to Miss Conway—and the particulars of what passed at the interview mentioned by that lady in her letter to Miss Wentworth, (see letter XXXIV.)—in which he forgets not

livan, true it is, that he is confined to his chamber, with a ſlow conſuming fever, and from being the happieſt I am become the moſt wretched of women.

You would have heard from us ſooner, but I fondly hoped every day would bring me the comfort of witneſſing his recovery—alas, the dear deluſion is flown, and I am doomed to the melancholy taſk of telling you ſo.

In

not to tell him, that he expects, very ſhortly, to lead her to the altar—nor is he ſparing in his deſcription of Auguſta's charms, but with too prodigal a hand dwells on the faſcinating ſubject. —He *felt* as a lover, and *forgot* that it was poſſible for him to be fanning the expiring embers of a flame which ought, by that time, to have been wholly extinguiſhed—perhaps it was imprudent in the Colonel to do ſo, and perhaps St. Aubyn was the only man in the world from whom, on ſuch a ſubject, he ought to have diſſembled what he felt!

In a ſhort, but flattering interval, I once ventured to aſk him his ſentiments on that part of your letter which related to Miſs Warburton—he bleſt you for the benevolence of your intentions towards her, and hoped you would perſevere in accompliſhing them.

It is impoſſible, Sir, that you can err in conducting any project of humanity—happy are thoſe who————.

* * * * * * *

Midnight.

I was ſummoned to my huſband's chamber.——

Ah, my God, Mr. Sullivan—you are my St. Aubyn's friend—will you not be a friend to me too?

He

He has been delirious for ſome hours —and there is *that* on his mind, which I am convinced will for ever mar our happineſs, even if it ſhould pleaſe providence to reſtore him to health.

He calls loudly on Auguſta Conway —*me* he heeds not, but wildly declaims againſt the treachery of friendſhip, and ſwears, with ungovernable fury, that he will not live to ſee *love's* altar polluted.——

I have too much reaſon to fear, he alludes to my brother, who in his laſt letters hints that his nuptials with Miſs Conway are at no great diſtance.

Ah, Mr. Sullivan, it has turned out as from the firſt I predicted—I had only the chance of a divided heart, if any—it was a ſenſe of honor, not the attach-

ment of love that urged St. Aubyn to ſolicit my hand.

It was the affectionate wiſh of my beſt of brothers to ſee me happy—alas, Mr. Sullivan, he had not foreſight ſufficient for ſo important an enterpriſe.——

Better I had mourned the firſt effects of his inconſtancy, and truſted to *time* for a remedy, than ſee myſelf faſtened to misfortune, by the lingering conſciouſneſs that St. Aubyn pities, but cannot love me.——

Adviſe me, Mr. Sullivan—you are the common friend to innocence and virtue —you love St. Aubyn—ah feel for his miſerable wife!——

* * * * * *

Saturday

Saturday afternoon.

Altho' no favorable change has taken place, I muſt conclude my letter and ſend it off, or I ſhall loſe the opportunity of this conveyance.——

Write not, my dear Sir, to St. Aubyn, but to me—I comfort myſelf a little when I reflect on the ſincerity, the generoſity of your attachment to us both.—

I write in a ſtate little ſhort of diſtraction.

St. Aubyn has had a dreadful night. —*She*, the fatal *ſhe*, has been the conſtant object of his thoughts, nor has there been a moment that his mind did not ſeem wholly occupied with a determination to puniſh ſome perſon's perfidy,

and

and abuſe of confidence.—My God —ſurely he does not mean my brother!

Adieu—Sir——

I am,

Yours

EMILY ST. AUBYN.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

To Miss Augusta Conway.

Upper Harley-ſtreet—

Monday evening.

IF fate has decreed it, (and you know, Auguſta, there is a fatality in theſe things) I hope your choice will prove happy.

But—(ah, my dear, theſe unwelcome "*buts*" will obtrude now and then)—

—have

—have you ſoberly and collectedly conſulted your heart?—You have, by your own account, been for ſome time giddy and intoxicated—are you ſure that this is not a temporary flight, which reaſon hereafter will expoſe the danger of?—Remember, Auguſta, you totter on a precipice—better to ſecure a retreat in time, than plunge headlong into uncertainty.

I believe the Colonel to be a man of honor, and worthy any woman's love—but is Auguſta equally worthy of *his?*——

You aſk me what Mrs. St. Aubyn's huſband will think of this family commutation?—believe me, I ſhuddered when I read ſuch a profane interrogation—fye upon it, Auguſta Conway—will a ſubject

a ſubject ſo awful admit of ſuch indecent levity?

You know I have always admoniſhed you with the ſincerity and plainneſs of friendſhip—I am ſometimes unfortunate enough to incur your diſpleaſure, by the frankneſs with which I unboſom myſelf—but I get the better of it by knowing that my intentions are uniformly pure, and conſiſtent with that affection I have always profeſſed for you.——

Now, Auguſta, hear me for the laſt time on this ſubject—deſcend from your heroics—coolly and diſpaſſionately aſk yourſelf, if you could not have been happier with St. Aubyn.——

If you marry the Colonel, merely becauſe St. Aubyn has married his ſiſter,

what a precious chance both of you ſtand for happineſs!

St. Aubyn preferred you to all the world—but he had to contend with caprice, with vanity, and Miſs Conway—excuſe me, my dear, but really theſe peeviſh philippics of yours ſeem nothing more than the *little* impulſes of mortification.——

Pray, Auguſta, what is become of a certain vow of celibacy that a friend of mine made a few months ſince?—I underſtand you, my dear—it was *raſhly* executed, and it is more honorable to break than to cheriſh it—can you forget that St. Aubyn was your lover?—can you forget that (with all her affected inſenſibility) he was not indifferent to Auguſta Conway?—Can you re-reſolve not to *envy* Mrs. St. Aubyn the

the husband your misconduct has given her?

Without this, (which I pronounce next to impossible) this family compact threatens to be seriously injudicious, dangerous, and impolitic—and will necessarily involve a whole innocent family in wretchedness and misery.—

You asked for my sentiments, my dear, and you have them—I love you with more than a sister's affection—and would to Heaven *I* had the power of directing you according to the anxiety and solicitude I feel for your happiness.—May Providence avert those ills which I own appear to my partial eyes, impending over you—AUGUSTA ought to act

with a little caution, for in laying up misery for herself, she is embittering the future hours of

her friend,

LOUISA WENTWORTH.

LET-

LETTER XL.

To Sydney St. Aubyn, Esq.

(Previous to the receipt of Mrs. St. Aubyn's letter, which appears to have been detained by contrary winds.)

London, Thursday.

MRS. Clements ſent me Maria's addreſs, but in a manner which ſhewed a reluctance to part with it, unleſs for the purpoſe, or with the hope of its benefitting the amiable girl.

I found her in the houſe of a very reſpectable tradeſman in Whitechapel—little explanation was neceſſary to bring about a proper underſtanding—ſhe knew me to be a friend of Mr. St. Aubyn's, and that was ſufficient to convince her of the ſincerity of my intention.

I informed her of Mrs. Clements's motive for confiding to *me* her addreſs, and ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied with it.

Miſs Warburton has none of thoſe trifling flimſy airs which ſome women think neceſſary to ſupport a falſe conſequence—meek, and unaſſuming, ſhe wiſhes to have it underſtood that ſhe knows her humiliated ſtate, and ſenſibly *feels* it.——

The ſubject I had to enter upon was aukward in the extreme, inaſmuch as I had not ſeen Douglas ſince his firſt viſit

viſit to my houſe, and it was poſſible that I might go too far in ſuppoſing myſelf warranted to anſwer for his readineſs to make the atonement I wiſhed, for the injury he had done her.

Yet as it was neceſſary to conſide in *one* party on the occaſion—I thought Maria had the greateſt right to be conſulted firſt.

" In mentioning a name to Miſs Warburton, that ſhe has too much reaſon to execrate, ſhe will do me the favor to believe, that I am acting from a wiſh to try if it is not poſſible for me to be of ſervice to her—I have lately ſeen Mr. Douglas."——

Aſtoniſhingly calm and compoſed, ſhe heard me thro', and with an half-ſmile that indicated a triumph over womaniſh weakneſs, ſhe told me Mr. Douglas was

nothing to *her*—but whatever intentions I might have to ſerve her, ſhould be acknowledged with becoming gratitude.

" Mr. Douglas, Madam, certainly thinks it impoſſible for him to make you any atonement for the wrongs he has done you—but perhaps it may appear that this man, tho' ſo long addicted to diſſipation and vice, is yet alive to a ſenſe of his errors, and would gladly embrace an opportunity of palliating them.——

" In the interview I had with him a few days ſince, he had a good deal of prejudice to remove before I could be brought to liſten to him—I ſhould be highly inexcuſable, if in a matter of this importance, I ſuffered my judgment to be impoſed upon, and was diſpoſed to

give

give liberal credit to bare aſſertions, and current promiſes—but Mr. Douglas is a different man from what he was—circumſtances and events have ſtrangely altered his diſpoſition and purſuits—he is no longer the artful deſigning adventurer—by an unexpected turn of fortune, he has attained immenſe poſſeſſions—and is at this moment baſking in the ſun-ſhine of affluence.——

" His manner of relating to me his unfortunate affair with you, impreſſed me with ſome ſentiments not unfavorable to him—he ſpoke openly, and with becoming ingenuouſneſs—had he attempted to deceive me, I muſt have detected him, for I was already in poſſeſſion of the blacker annals of his hiſtory.——

" The tear which he ſhed to the memory

mory of the ill-fated Maria, I hailed as a genuine ſymptom of repentance, and inſtantly gave him credit for his ſincerity—but when he conjured me to tell him how he could poſſibly make atonement to her injured ſire, even by ſurrendering one half of his fortune to him, I had no longer any reaſon to ſuſpect his integrity—and if at that moment he had been permitted to think Miſs Warburton yet lived, and might be perſuaded to forgive, and to accept his hand, I think I might venture to conclude that he would have been equally ſolicitous to have afforded the moſt honorable compenſation—but I forbore a ſyllable that might give birth to ſuch a hope—nor would I, until you had firſt been conſulted, attempt any means that were likely to effect a purpoſe of the kind."——

" Obſerve, Miſs Warburton, I am not pleading for Douglas—I have no kind of right to undertake his cauſe—it is for you, it is for the ſake of injured innocence that I am exerting myſelf.

" It remains with Miſs Warburton, therefore, to determine how far ſhe can be brought to forgive his miſconduct, and by being convinced of the earneſtneſs of his repentance, accept of the beſt reſtitution in his power to offer her."

It was eaſy to diſcover that Miſs Warburton was not diſpleaſed at what ſhe heard, altho' ſhe could not check a tear that ſtarted, when I touched on the ſubject of her father.——

" And what does Mr. Sullivan, the friend of Mr. St. Aubyn, think I ought to do under circumſtances like theſe?—his ſuperior diſcretion ſhall direct me—

in

in order, however, to regulate your ſentiments on this buſineſs, I ſhould wiſh you to judge generally of human nature.—I had no vicious propenſities, when Douglas ſeduced me from virtue—my heart fell a victim to indiſcreet partiality—I certainly fancied he was what he pretended to be, and if it had turned out ſo, I might not, perhaps, have beſtowed my affections unworthily—if he were now to determine to *realize*, what I *once* fondly believed him to be, in being reſtored to *virtue*, I might have a chance of recovering happineſs."

This was gaining a great point towards the execution of my plan, and I was glad to find that, however Miſs Warburton might *feel* the injury which virtue in general had ſuſtained in her *fall*, ſhe had yet good ſenſe enough to judge it unneceſſary,

ceſſary, for the ſake of the *common cauſe*, to *affect* to ſacrifice her own intereſt to a rigid and unavailing reſentment.——

If Douglas had not been more than commonly agreeable, even under the diſadvantages to which diſtreſs and indigence expoſed him, it is not likely that he would have effected his triumph over Maria—and I have often obſerved, that the female heart is rebel enough to ſhrink from the unwelcome language of reproach, when applied to an object ſtill dear in remembrance.

I went into a good deal of this kind of argument with Miſs Warburton, to ſatisfy myſelf that I might rely on her ſupport in my endeavours to bring Douglas into a determination to do her juſtice—thro' the whole of which I found her firm, ingenuous, and diſcreet—inſomuch

that

that we at laſt concerted a plan together, to try, once for all, the purity of his heart, and the rectitude of his intentions.

In the firſt inſtance it was neceſſary that I ſhould have a very ſerious interview with Mr. Douglas—and, in a diſtant manner, ſound him on the ſubject.

It did not appear very difficult to aſcertain the bent of his inclinations, and that, once done, I might act afterwards as circumſtances warranted.

I wrote a formal ſort of card to him, and requeſted his company on the following evening.

His anſwer was very reſpectful, and ſignified that he would certainly attend me.

Nine o'clock was the hour appointed.——

Meaning

Meaning to appropriate the evening to this buſineſs, I had given orders to be denied to viſitors of every deſcription.

Mr. Douglas came punctual to the time, and I received him in the middle room up ſtairs.

We went over the ſame ground as before, and I found him ſtill firm to his former ſentiments—indeed, his anxiety ſeemed to have increaſed, and to have produced an agitation in his mind, that no ſimulation was equal to.

It was now time to commence the neceſſary operations.

" Since your former viſit here, Mr. Douglas, I have written down into that part of Devonſhire, where the dreadful miſchief you have ſo much reaſon to be ſorry for, was perpetrated—the father

of Maria Warburton died ſome months ſince, broken-hearted."

Douglas heard me with a melancholy compoſure—a ſilent regret, which I liked far better than any raſh declamations—the one reſulted from innate, unaffected grief, whilſt the other might have been the haſty ebullition of rage and diſappointment.

He ſighed—

"My miſery, Mr. Sullivan, would otherwiſe have been incomplete—now, what will the envied bounties of fortune avail me?—Conſcience, ſeverely juſt, will for ever rob my mind of peace, and I am become rather more exalted in life, in order to make me a more ſtriking victim to merited vengeance.—

"Had one of them been ſpared—had the poor injured old man but lived to

have

have forgiven me, I might have ſnatched a gleam of comfort—I might have had one hope to have clung to, in this dreadful deſolation.——

" If Mr. Sullivan could judge of the agony of my mind at this moment, if he could witneſs the ſad workings of deſpair, which convulſe my bleeding heart, he would forget the enormity of my crimes, and humanity would teach him the leſſon of pity.—I am but a young man, Mr. Sullivan, ſcarce twenty-three—a very early age to have every proſpect in life deſtroyed—conſider me, and try, benevolently try if ſomething may not be done to comfort me."

I enlarged on the heinouſneſs of his offence, and in a ſolemn ſuitable manner, adviſed him to recommend himſelf to his GOD.

It was true he began to ſuffer at a very early age—but he ſhould remember, that when the crimes for which he ſtood ſelf-convicted, were perpetrated, he was in full poſſeſſion of every rational faculty —he could not, in the firſt place, be ignorant of the conſequences of ſeducing an innocent girl—but what muſt be the feelings of a heart, that, after the commiſſion of ſuch a foul miſdeed, could baſely and cruelly reſolve to abandon her?

"She, poor unfortunate ſufferer, found a ſhelter in death—whilſt the heart-broken parent, deſtitute of the comfort which his child only was capable of affording him in the evening of life, lengthened out a miſerable exiſtence, by ſilently brooding over his ſorrows, and feebly ſtruggling, as long as nature held out,

in

in melancholy conflict with religion and misfortune.

"Religion might have taught him reſignation, had not nature, overpowered, yielded to the ſeverity of grief.——

"However, this is paſt remedy now, and I will freely own to you, Mr. Douglas, I am not philoſopher enough to bring forward any doctrines, that, under circumſtances like yours, can promiſe real conſolation—you muſt truſt to time for a remedy—you have the beſt part of your life before you—by devoting it to meritorious acts, and by remembering that repentance is more acceptable, and conſequently more efficient in youth than at a later date, you may perhaps accompliſh the purpoſe you deſire.—

"I am but a young man, myſelf, and its very ſeldom that I have occaſion to

touch on ſubjects which I know myſelf unequal to—I believe Mr. Douglas to be ſincere in what he has ſaid to me—continue, Sir, to make me think ſo, and I will be your friend."——

This declaration, ſudden and unexpected, made directly to his heart—he looked earneſtly at me.——

" Do I underſtand you right, Mr. Sullivan—can you ſo far forget what I have been as to think it poſſible for me ever to merit your friendſhip?——

" I ſhall repeat it, Mr. Douglas—convince me that you deſerve it, and my friendſhip ſhall be worthy your attention.——

—" Then there muſt be a ſecret charm in the friendſhip of a man of honor that operates wonderfully—I am already eaſier, for already have I determined,

termined, if poſſible, to be worthy of it.——

" Now, bleſt ſpirit of my injured Maria, look down from thy purer abode, and intercede for me with thy kindred angels—let one gleam of comfort animate my drooping heart—let thy venerable ſire confirm the gentle deed—whilſt he witneſſes the fervency of my repentance, and knowing I have nothing more to offer, accept it, and forgive me."——

The night by this time was far advanced—we had been ſipping our wine ſparingly, intent on the ſubject before us—and indeed indifferent as to any refreſhment.—

The clock ſtruck twelve—a profound ſilence reigned—Douglas had a glaſs between his fingers, and ſeemed loſt in thought

thought—at that inſtant the folding doors which communicated with the inner room, opened, and—robed in white, with a taper in her hand—in glided the figure of Maria Warburton—ſhe paſſed ſolemnly acroſs the room to the oppoſite ſide, where another ſet of folding doors opened to receive her, and having given one look on Douglas, ſhe entered the cloſet, and the doors cloſed.—

To attempt to deſcribe the horror which ſeized Douglas, when he beheld this awful phenomenon, would be vain—his eye-balls rolled—his lips quivered—his knees knocked together, and the glaſs fell from his inanimated hand.

With ſome difficulty he at length exclaimed—

"Great God!—Mr. Sullivan!"—

It was neceſſary I ſhould pretend not

to underſtand the cauſe of the emotion.

" You ſeem diſconcerted, Mr. Douglas."—

His aſtoniſhment continued, and he ſtared wildly about him.

" Certainly, Mr. Sullivan, I ſaw ſomething this inſtant—did you not ſee it too?—

My back was towards the doors, but I had obſerved the progreſs of my plot in the glaſs.—

" I heard you call on the ſpirit of the departed girl you murdered—perhaps your guilty fancy brought her here."—and I forced an half-ſmile.

" I aſk you, Mr. Sullivan, if you did not ſee her—anſwer, on your honor?—

" Where, Mr. Douglas?

" There—

" There—Sir—there—there"——and he pointed to the ſpot where ſhe had juſt paſſed.

" You did not obſerve me turn about —if I had, and any thing had been there, I ſuppoſe I ſhould have ſeen it."——

" Well, Sir—well—it might be fancy.

And he ſighed bitterly, and hid his face in his handkerchief.

I ſuffered him to remain ſo for a few minutes.——

All was ſilent again, and I called out ſuddenly—" Mr. Douglas."—

He ſtarted from his chair—and with a wildly fixed ſtare, which indicated the diſorder of his mind, he looked at me—I ſpoke to him.

" Be compoſed, Sir, and be ſeated."

He came cloſe to me, and, with a trembling hand, took hold of mine.—

Abſolutely

Abſolutely the big tears chaced each other down his cheek.—

" You ſhall direct, you ſhall diſpoſe of me—I will be compoſed, if you deſire it"—and in a manner that ſeemed almoſt childiſh, he took his ſeat and looked at me, as if I was the arbiter of his fate.—

" From what I underſtand, Mr. Douglas, you think you have ſeen the form of Maria Warburton—your own good ſenſe muſt ſuggeſt to you the fallacy of believing in ſuch kind of phantoms—but, we all very well know the force of imagination.—Now, Sir, if that unfortunate girl has really appeared before you, it muſt have been to have eſtabliſhed thoſe impreſſions which I was endeavouring to work upon your mind.

" Remember the offer I made you of my friendſhip—nor will it be confined

to

to mine only—I will anſwer for my friend St. Aubyn—I will anſwer for the approbation of every man of honor.—

" The whole reſts upon this queſtion—hear it, Mr. Douglas, and anſwer me as you would anſwer at the tribunal of heaven, where duplicity and diſguiſe would not avail you, becauſe they would certainly be detected.

" If that was really the form of Maria Warburton, and it was poſſible, even now, to claſp it within your embrace, how would you manifeſt your gratitude for ſuch a miraculous event ?"

He was about to anſwer, but I interrupted him.—

" Hold, Sir—not only on your anſwer, but on what I ſhall be ſatisfied your heart prompts you to *determine*, ſhall I judge of your ſincerity—the promiſe

miſe of the moment may be evaded—I can place no abſolute confidence but in facts.—Now, Mr. Douglas, collect yourſelf and anſwer me."—

" —I cannot collect myſelf ſufficiently to underſtand what I am to anſwer—but may I, oh Mr. Sullivan—may I venture to believe that this laſt enquiry of yours brings with it a ray of hope—reaſon, I know, pronounces it impoſſible—and I feel that I muſt ſtill be the moſt miſerable of men."

" There has been nothing in my conduct towards Mr. Douglas, that ſhould induce him to ſuppoſe I would wantonly trifle with his feelings; nor would I readily be led to ſuſpect, that he has any *intention* to miſconceive me—ſhall I repeat the queſtion, Mr. Douglas?"

—" If my anſwer, Sir, proves unſatis-

factory, you will uſe your own diſcretion in that reſpect.——

" Could Maria Warburton be reſtored from the dead, and be prevailed upon to forgive me, I would prove to you and to the world, that if Douglas felt one gratification ſuperior to another, it would be in making unconditional reſtitution to that injured fair one.—The world ſhould witneſs the extent of my gratitude—am I ſufficiently explicit, Mr. Sullivan?—if not, condeſcend to direct me what to do—be the friend to me you promiſed."—

I roſe from my chair, and made towards the cloſet—his eyes followed me—I opened the door, and led forth Maria Warburton.

" There, Sir, I have ſaved her for you—go, Mr. Douglas, and learn to be grateful

grateful for this providential eſcape from the terrors of ſelf-reproach—murder, you find, is not in the catalogue of your crimes—ſhe lives to comfort and to bleſs you."——

Poor Maria was overpowered—ſhe ſunk on a chair and had nearly fainted.

Douglas ruſhed to her aſſiſtance—ſhe revived, and whilſt I witneſſed their ſilent affectionate embraces—I felt a tear moiſtening my cheek—it was ſenſibility's tribute, and I cheriſhed it.

Maria had heard the greater part of what had paſſed between us relative to herſelf—ſhe was ſatisfied of the ſincerity of Douglas's contrition, and did not ſeem to think it neceſſary to diſſemble the fondneſs of returning affection.——

Douglas, on his part, had no ſooner recovered from the ſurprize and agitation

he had been betrayed into, than taking hold of my hand, and violently preſſing it, he aſked me to ſatisfy him that this was not a viſion—undeceive me, Mr. Sullivan—I cannot but doubt, ſince it ſeems impoſſible that there can yet be ſo much happineſs in ſtore for Douglas.——

I aſſured him that he was not yet in poſſeſſion of all I had to comfort him with—the honorable ſenſe he had ſhewn of his errors ſhould be further rewarded, and I would tell him, that altho' he had been guilty of wounding the peace of Maria's aged father, he might acquit himſelf of having been directly inſtrumental to his death—diſhonored and diſgraced, he died bleſſing and forgiving his child, and at this moment ſhe was poſſeſſed of a fortune that (had Mr. Douglas's

las's ſituation and circumſtances been otherwiſe) would not have been an object unworthy his attention.

" The joy of preſſing once more this long-loſt boſom (the ſeat of innocence and affection,) needed no addition—the gifts of fortune are of no ſort of importance after that—but if my Maria has any relative to whom her acquiſitions (be they what they may) are likely to be ſerviceable, let her beſtow them, unreſervedly, according to her own ideas of deſert—or if, in the humble circle of her native village, ſhe can find out a few diſtreſt families, amongſt whom a diſtribution of them will be welcome, witneſs for me, Mr. Sullivan, I renounce my claim and my power over them, and declare that MARIA will enhance their value in my mind, by appropriating them en-

tirely to purpoſes of benevolence—by the bounty of providence I have worldly effects more than ſufficient, even if it were poſſible for us ever to be ſlaves to ambition; and upon my ſoul I now only eſtimate my poſſeſſions, according to the power they will afford me of doing good."——

He turned to Maria——

"And ſuffer me, moſt injured, moſt amiable girl, to repeat with ſolemn fervor the vows I made to you, whilſt I baſely meditated my unmanly triumph over your innocence—God will witneſs the purity of my intentions now—let this tear, the ready drop of contrition, be a pledge of my fidelity, until I have the opportunity of confirming it as I ought—ſee me, kneeling to Maria Warburton, to implore her forgiveneſs, and to be reinſtated

inſtated in her heart—forget that I *was* Douglas, and receive me now as the *man* that Mr. Sullivan has promiſed to be a friend to."——

Her reply was truly becoming.

She held out her hand, and raiſing him up, received him in a tender embrace.

" If Mr. Douglas feels happy in this unexpected diſcovery, he may eaſily judge what his Maria muſt feel to find herſelf at laſt reſtored to virtue, and to the love of *him* for whoſe ſake ſhe forfeited her innocence.

" Were any thing wanting to compleat this happy reconciliation, it would be amply ſupplied by the generous promptitude you have ſhewn, unſolicited and unconſtrained, to make me the moſt honorable atonement—let us now together

turn

turn to this illuſtrious example of honor and generoſity, this valuable friend, and try if it is poſſible to convince him of our gratitude—he may live to witneſs the effects of his unexampled kindneſs, but we can never have life long enough to be ſufficiently grateful in."——

I have endeavoured to collect, as nearly as I well could, the ſubſtance of what paſſed at this intereſting interview—it was now paſt two in the morning, a circumſtance that ſeemed quite unnoticed by the lovers, and therefore I judged it expedient to give Mr. Douglas a hint that it was time to retire.——

Miſs Warburton, I told him, was at preſent under the care of my houſekeeper —and I rang to deſire that ſhe might be attended to her chamber.——

Douglas took his leave accordingly—

but

but not till it had been previouſly ſettled between us that we ſhould all breakfaſt together at eleven.

I had not left my chamber in the morning when I underſtood he was below, and I did not think it neceſſary to haſten down, for I had alſo been informed that Miſs Warburton was with him.

I directed breakfaſt to be ſerved up, and for form's ſake, ſent an apology—they had therefore a tender *tete-a-tete* of about an hour together, before I broke in upon them.

Douglas's countenance had undergone a very ſurprizing change, and he really had a gentleman-like, engaging appearance.

Impatient (as he himſelf declared) to put it out of the power of deſtiny to counteract his wiſhes, he had abſolutely agreed

agreed with Maria to have their nuptials celebrated the following day.——

And it gave me a good deal of ſatisfaction to find him ſoliciting me to favor him with my company to the Commons, for the purpoſe of immediately procuring a licence.

We took Maria in a coach to the houſe of her relations in Whitechapel, and having left her there, we proceeded to a Proctor's.

It had been previouſly ſettled, that Maria and a female couſin of her's (I take it for granted her relations knew ſome of the circumſtances of her affair with Douglas) ſhould be at my houſe by nine the next morning.

And they came true to the hour—but I am here at a loſs for language to deſcribe, ſo as to do juſtice to Miſs Warburton's

burton's appearance.—Elegance, ſoften-ed by ſimplicity, was conſpicuous thro' the whole of it—her dreſs was of white muſlin, artfully made up in the form of a robe—which ſhewed her graceful figure to advantage—her auburn locks played negligently and unconfined on her neck, and happineſs and health ſeemed to have eſtabliſhed their abode in her counte-nance—ſhe looked every thing that was captivating to Douglas, and he declared to me that he embraced the chains of wedlock with a rapture in his heart, that was infinitely more delightful to him than when (triumphing as he then thought in the ſucceſs of his *vil-lainous* enterpriſe) he firſt accompliſhed his inglorious defeat over Maria.——

I believe it was near three years ſince this unfortunate affair took place,

and

and Maria, I dare ſay, was a good deal improved.

The ceremony was performed at St. Clements's church in the Strand—from whence we had a carriage to conduct us to Richmond, where we dined—and the day paſſed away extremely pleaſant.—Douglas had provided an elegant apartment at the widow's in Norfolk-ſtreet, where his bride was received in the evening, and had every attention paid to her.——

Here, then, cloſe we the hiſtory of the quondam adventurer Douglas, and Maria Warburton—you know a marriage is generally the winder up of theſe ſort of plots, and having left them happy and comfortable, my taſk of good-will is accompliſhed.——

Douglas

Douglas indeed called on me a morning or two ſince, and importuned me to paſs the day with him, juſt, as he declared, to witneſs the felicity I had been the generous inſtrument of accompliſhing—I went, and my heart pronounced them to have a fairer chance for permanent happineſs, than any couple I have ever ſeen candidates on ſuch an occaſion.——

They talk of ſetting out in a few days for Dublin—of courſe they will be introduced to you.——To Dublin, Mr. Douglas facetiouſly obſerved, he might venture, though there were parts of that country where the remembrance of ſome of his indiſcretions might diſturb him.——

Adieu, St. Aubyn—I have writ-

ten you a volume—but when I had got into the ſtory, I felt myſelf too much an egotiſt to give it up.

Yours ſincerely,

STAFFORD SULLIVAN.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

To Stafford Sullivan, Esq.

(Delivered at the ſame time as Mrs. St. Aubyn's letter (*ſee page 54*)—ſeveral packets having arrived together.)

I HAVE been very ill, Stafford, or it is not likely that I ſhould have neglected you.

It is true, that I am recovered from bodily indiſpoſition, but my mind has received a ſhock that threatens for ever to diſturb it.

In the heighth of my fever, I find I was delirious, and *that* fatal beauty has been the conſtant ſubject of my ravings.

I dare not enquire, but by this time ſhe has undoubtedly ſurrendered her hand to the happy Colonel Alderton—whilſt I———

Ah, Stafford—I was not born to be happy—I have told you ſo over and over.——

Never did wedded love witneſs a brighter ornament than Emily St. Aubyn.——

Nor did a purer, or more ardent affection ever glow in the boſom of virtuous love.——

I—I am a wretch, Stafford—who have profaned its hallowed rites—who have wantonly trifled away every hope of happineſs.

What luckleſs agent of miſchief brought the devoted Emily Alderton in my way, to be ſacrificed to inſenſibility like mine

—at

—at a time, too, when fate ſeemed to be relenting—when AUGUSTA CONWAY herſelf, frank and unreſerved, deigned to ſue to St. Aubyn?

Was it well done of the Colonel to faſten me ſo cloſely to the flimſy etiquette of honor, whilſt *he* was projecting the plan of robbing me of the miſtreſs that I find, Stafford, is ſtill dearer to me than life?

Poor Emily!

She finds too late the danger of a temporary power over the affections of a man with whom ſhe is deſtined to drag on an unintereſting exiſtence!

Oh Stafford, my wife *feels* her diſappointment—I affect to be chearful—ſhe penetrates thro' the thin veil of aſſumed gaiety—and a tear, dropt in ſilence, is

the only reproach her delicate heart is capable of.——

I fear the Colonel's officious zeal will prompt him to impart the tidings of his marriage to me—I tremble at the arrival of every mail.——

I ſhall return to England ſpeedily.

Should that dreaded event take place, (you know what I mean) the Colonel will of courſe bring his bride here.——

—And I muſt not ſee her, Stafford—on my ſoul I never will.——

My Emily "pines in thought,"—I grieve to ſee it, and I have hinted to her that the variety of diſtant ſcenes may perhaps cure the ſlow conſuming canker in her mind—ſhe affects to ſmile, and tells me that the will of St. Aubyns is her's—we underſtand each other, but both

both carefully ſhrink from an explanation.—

* * * * * * *

The mail is this inſtant arrived, and a packet of letters is brought me.—Already have I diſtinguiſhed my Stafford's well known hand—I may ſafely venture there, aſſured that if my broken mind is capable of conſolation—it is ſure to receive it from his valuable friendſhip.—

* * * * * * *

Eternal bleſſings await my friend for this laſt—this illuſtrious act of unexampled beneficence!—

Indeed,

Indeed, Stafford, I have felt pleaſure on the occaſion, more than I thought my languid heart was alive to.——

There is one innocent then reſtored to happineſs and to virtue—Oh, may ſhe be the laſt that has heedleſsly riſqued ſo precarious an adventure—but alas! I fear there may yet be many *Maria Warburtons*, whilſt a reformed Douglas will be a phenomenon in the circles of diſſipation.—

My tender-hearted Emily dropt a tear over your recital, whilſt I read it to her—but my friend muſt not expect me to flatter him with the handſome things ſhe ſaid of him—neither muſt you think, Stafford, to rob me of my ſhare of ſelf-ſatisfaction—you will remember you were only my agent in this buſineſs—altho' I think your proportion of merit has

has been greater than I can pretend to lay claim to—well, take it Stafford, and may the pleaſure which you have felt in the perfecting ſuch an act of benevolence, in future, operate as an incentive to others to reſolve to devote themſelves to the ſervice of innocence, regardleſs of the difficulty which threatens to attend it—the greater the obſtacles that impede an undertaking of this nature, the more compleat the triumph in the end.——

* * * * * *

Tell me, Stafford, can I, ought I to wiſh him happy?—

Colonel

Colonel Alderton is abſolutely married to Auguſta Conway.*—

He tells me his raptures are inexpreſſible.—

Me he tells this to.——

Saturday laſt was the *fatal* day—I *will* call it *fatal*, Stafford—gracious God, can *I* wiſh it to prove ſo?

The country round about, it ſeems, is wild with joy—the *Moat-houſe* rings with the ſhouts of feſtivity and mirth.—

Thank God, I have heard all this, and am compoſed enough to relate it to you.——

But at firſt I thought my brain was on fire—my eyes ſeemed ſparkling with flaſhes—I was alone—Emily luckily was with

* A ſingular circumſtance appears on comparing the dates of theſe letters, which is, that Col A. married Miſs Conway on the ſame day that Douglas gave his hand to Maria Warburton.

with her ſiſters—*ſhe* had not the mortification to witneſs what I was in danger of feeling.—

Stafford, we will drop the ſubject—I am giddy—I ſhall be better perhaps in a day or two.

Yours with true regard,

SYDNEY ST. AUBYN.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

To the Same.

Wedneſday.

Mr. Sullivan,

GO inſtantly to Miſs Wentworth's in Upper Harley-ſtreet—ſhe is a friend of Auguſta's—ſhe was always my friend—aſk her (and ſay its by my deſire) to let you ſee her faithleſs correſpondent's letter, in which ſhe informs her of the marriage with Colonel Alderton—try if you can prevail upon her to let me ſee it—but at any rate get a copy, and ſend it off immediately.—I had much

much rather ſee the original—a little ingenuity may be neceſſary, but were I in your place I could manage it, I think.

Your humble ſervant,

SYDNEY ST. AUBYN.

LETTER XLIII.

To the Same.

I SHALL be in London almoſt as ſoon as this.——

On my eſtate in Yorkſhire, I have a ſmall but elegant manſion, fitted exactly for a recluſe.—

There is a wilderneſs behind it.

The firſt thing I have to do is to conſtruct an hermitage in the moſt retired part of this wilderneſs—I ſhall have a lamp perpetually burning—and there I ſhall

ſhall ſojourn from morn to eve—my wife and I have agreed upon it—ſhe ſays ſhe won't control me.—

Here I ſhall cheriſh reflection, inſtead of flying from it.—

You know I have been diſappointed a good deal in life—but 'tis all over—I laugh now at what fate can do—yet your friend is no common philoſopher.—

Is not this an excellent project?

S. St. Aubyn.

LETTER XLIV.

To the Same.

Holy-head, Sunday.

I STOLE from Dublin laſt night, and here I am.—

My wife had no ſuſpicion of my deſign, but I left a letter deſiring her to meet me in London in about ten days.

It would have excited your mirth to have ſeen how the inſenſible wretches ſtared at me, and at one another, when I got on board the packet—luckily they were

were under *weigh*, and had not time to be troubleſome with their enquiries.——

A week, or leſs, brings me to town.

Yours,

S. St. Aubyn.

LETTER XLV.

To Miss Louisa Wentworth.

The Moat-House—

Wedneſday noon.

YOU did not notice that part of my letter, Louiſa, where I told you it was moſt likely *we* ſhould be in town in the courſe of a fortnight, or you would have ſpared me that reproach which you ſeem to think due to me for having diſpatched ſo *brief* an account of my nuptials.*

In

* This letter does not appear in the collection.

In the buſtle which generally attends affairs of this importance, it is neceſſary that the ſenſes ſhould be a little ſobered, before we can bring ourſelves to deſcend to circumſtantial narrative—but at any rate, my dear, it was only ſuſpending your curioſity until I had the power of gratifying it in perſon, when I ſhould have explained every minutiæ with the moſt rigid punctuality.

'Tis true, Louiſa, I did not deſcribe my dreſs, or that of my good man's—nor did I recount the figures and characters of the gueſts who honored us with their preſence on the occaſion.——

—I thought it very unlikely that the unlettered eſſays of my humble pen ſhould ever, *by any kind of accident*, add to the collection of a circulating library, and

and private friendſhip is generally very moderate in its expectations.

Had nothing occurred to have diſturbed that calm ſerenity which prevailed in our happy family, I ſhould, I dare ſay, have ſuffered my pen to have lain by neglected, and ſpared you the peruſal of a dull round of that unmeaning, and of courſe unintereſting ſameneſs which uſually diſtinguiſhes female correſpondence —obſerve, my dear, I only mean after the ſpinſter's reign of conqueſt is over, and ſhe is *womanized* into a wife.——

An incident has however occurred, which has involved us in dreadful confuſion.

I had been Mrs. Alderton juſt ten days, and ſuppoſed that I was as happy as moſt *women* are, that are enabled to accompliſh an union with the elect of their

their hearts.—My Colonel is a noble fellow, and *at preſent* is as much the GALLANT as before I condeſcended to give him the power of uſurpation.

In the evening of Monday laſt, (it was about ſeven) we were all aſſembled in the new drawing-room—and it ſo happened, that, excepting thoſe immediately connected with the family, we had no viſitors.——

The tea equipage was removed, and we were engaged in little parties of common-place chat—

—When ſuddenly a buſtle on the landing place arreſted our attention—we turned our eyes towards the door—it was violently burſt open, and with pale looks and diſhevelled hair, in ruſhed the form of——St. Aubyn.

His whole dreſs was diſordered—his looks

looks were frantic—there was a frightful wildneſs in his eyes—he reached the middle of the room—looked about him —ſtaggered and fell.——

The Colonel flew to his aſſiſtance.

Had the world been given me, I could not have moved—I felt my blood freeze in my veins—my knees trembled—a ſickneſs firſt came over me, a giddineſs followed, and I fainted.——

This is my couſin's account.

The Colonel affectionately raiſed him in his arms, and bore him to a ſopha—preſently he opened his eyes, and confirmed the firſt dreadful preſentiment his appearance had given riſe to—his language was incoherent—he beat his head—and in a convulſion of horror demanded vengeance for his wrongs.——

" I am

" I am myſelf—I am the injured St. Aubyn, ſaid he—*you* know me, ladies—Mrs. Villers once eſteemed me, let her deny it—Auguſta is flown—ſhe is not here to face me—but ſhe has left her exulting repreſentative—ah, Colonel Alderton, would nothing but this ſatisfy you—unheard of treachery—cruel, cruel brother!—ſelfiſh, ungenerous *friend*!"

" You certainly know me, my dear St. Aubyn," ſaid the Colonel, " and I hope will preſently be ſufficiently collected to explain this alarming myſtery—for God's ſake tell me what has happened?——

—" Oh—your ſervant, Colonel Alderton—I met with you, Sir, at Matlock—I married your ſiſter, I remember, becauſe you deſired it—a moſt ſubtle contrivance, indeed, wherewith to perpetrate

trate your *diſintereſted* project!—hear me, Sir, (and he ſtampéd) did you know *her* until you ſaw her at Matlock, and heard that ſhe was mine—and what do you think ſhe came there for—to give you an opportunity of marrying me to your ſiſter—by all that's ſacred, Colonel, ſhe does not thank you for it."

My aunt went up to him, and affectionately taking his hand, "Mr. St. Aubyn," ſaid ſhe, "I never can wiſh to deny the ſenſe I always had of your merit—for heaven's ſake, let me prevail upon you to be compoſed, in order that we may gather ſome meaning from theſe alarming circumſtances."

He called vehemently for Auguſta—but ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, he addreſſed the Colonel, and begged, in a ſtyle of formal irony, his permiſſion

to

to ſay a few words to Mrs. Alderton.—

He was informed that ſhe had withdrawn indiſpoſed, and frightened at Mr. St. Aubyn's violence.——

" Tis well—very well—Mrs. Villers, (addreſſing my aunt) I will be here in the morning—theſe friendly doors once welcomed me with cordial affection—it was not my fault that all this happened—I will walk about all night—ſome places I can yet find that have been dear to me in happier days—it will coſt me ſome melancholy hours to dwell upon them—but it will be the laſt time."—

—And ſnatching up his hat, he was precipitately retreating.——

But my aunt intercepting him, earneſtly conjured him to ſtay a little longer, whilſt he did her the favor to hear what

ſhe had to ſay—and ſhe beckoned for all of them to retire.———

When he found himſelf with my aunt, he ſeemed, ſhe ſays, gradually to recover from his delirium, and ſat down by her ſide, and took her hand—ſhe watched his motions—his eye caught the picture of Auguſta—he let her hand go—again he took hold of it—looked earneſtly at her, and burſt into tears.——

This ſhe conſidered a favorable circumſtance, in as much as his grief getting vent that way, would be leſs likely to diſturb his intellects.——

" I know what you would ſay—Mrs. Villers—you are about to tell me that Auguſta is another's—I heard ſome years ſince that ſhe was to be married—and hard as the trial was, you know I endeavoured to reconcile myſelf to it—but

this Colonel Alderton was my friend—a ſtranger to Auguſta—he knew how my heart yearned towards Miſs Conway, becauſe I told him of it—he ſaw her, and became enamoured himſelf—and to cut off the poſſibility of Auguſta being mine, he contrived to make my honor his ſecurity for my marrying his ſiſter.—I married her, and am wretched.

" But, I left my wife in Dublin on Saturday laſt—ſince when I have made the beſt of my way here.——

" Now, then," continued he, ſtarting up, " let me ſend for the Colonel."

And he walked about the room, muttering ſomething to himſelf, which my aunt had too much reaſon to fear, implied a determination to be revenged.—

She rang the bell, and in a low tone of voice deſired a ſervant to be inſtantly

diſpatched to Doctor P——, whilſt ſhe amuſed St. Aubyn, (whoſe converſation was at times very incoherent) in hopes of diverting him from any violent meaſures he might be bent upon.——

It was evident he thought ſhe had deſired the Colonel to be ſent in, as he walked about ſeemingly very impatient, and at length aſked my aunt if ſhe could not tell him where he could find the Colonel.—

She promiſed him that in leſs than half an hour he ſhould be ſatisfied.—

And very fortunately, in little more than that time, the doctor arrived.—

My aunt readily ſurrendered her place to the doctor, who, after feeling his pulſe, ſhook his head, and declared it to be a very ſerious caſe.—

What further paſſed, I know not, but

it

it was ſettled, I found, that a perſon (employed for the purpoſe) ſhould take charge of St. Aubyn, and ſit up with him.—

In the morning the man reported, that he had very little difficulty in governing Mr. St. Aubyn—he rambled, he ſaid, a good deal in the courſe of the night, and ſeemed very uneaſy about his wife, and *ſome young lady*—and being provided with pens and ink, he wrote ſeveral letters and ſhort notes, which he had no ſooner finiſhed and folded up, than, without directing, he tore them all to pieces.

He would not ſuffer himſelf to be undreſſed.

My aunt was loth to venture another viſit to him—the doctor, indeed, had ſeen St. Aubyn before, and gueſſed how mat-

ters were—he adviſed my aunt, therefore, on no account to go near him, but recommended her to ſend off immediately for ſome friend, who might be confided in.

I wrote to Mr. Sullivan, and ſent it off expreſs—we hope, in ſomething leſs than three days, if that gentleman happens fortunately to be in the way, that he will be down with us.

This is Wedneſday, and the meſſenger was diſpatched yeſterday.—

Mr. St. Aubyn, towards the evening of yeſterday, expreſſed a deſire to take a turn or two in the garden, but it was not thought adviſeable to ſuffer it.

The perſon who attends him ſays, that the gentleman knows what's the matter with him, and aſſures him, that no ſort of ſeverity will be neceſſary.—

Poor St. Aubyn!

* * *

* * * * * *

Wedneſday night.

My heart bleeds for him, Louiſa.—I little thought it would come to this.—

Read the following note which was brought to me this evening.

To Mrs. Alderton.—

" Does *ſhe* that *was* Auguſta Conway " pity that fatal extremity to which de- " ſpair has driven St. Aubyn?—

" You are married, Madam—!

" So am I!

" Remember, Auguſta, it is *your* pity " only I am ſueing for.—

" Your

" Your huſband has none to ſpare—

" Tell him, *I* ſay, he'll want all he " has for himſelf.——

" Tell him, *I* ſay, he'll ſtand as much " in need of it as his injured friend.—

—" Well—Madam, do you pity me ?—

" Neither of us would have been ſo " raſh, but for the buſy machinations of " this falſe friend—this ſelf-made huſ- " band.——

" What, think you, was my chief mo- " tive for coming here ?—I will tell you !——

" There is a church yard on the brow " of the hill that commands the hamlet " in the vale.——

" 'Tis about two minutes walk from " the Moat-houſe.——

" If, perchance, a deſpairing lo- " ver ſhould ſleep under its turf,

" pity

" pity might find out the ſpot, and wa-
" ter it now and then with a tear.——

" SYDNEY ST. AUBYN."

* * * * * *

The Colonel, it ſeems, thinks me to blame for giving way to theſe little weakneſſes—he caught me about an hour ſince in tears—St. Aubyn's letter lay open on the table—he read it, and—and—Louiſa—he did not ſeem to feel as I think St. Aubyn would have felt for him under ſimilar circumſtances.

" Puerile"—

"Puerile"—ſaid he, and he folded up the letter, and gave it into my hand.—

I took it—I glanced my eye on the direction—my hand conveyed it into my pocket—the Colonel watched me narrowly.——

It inſtantly occurred to me that I was not *now* my own miſtreſs, and I had no buſineſs with St. Aubyn's letter.——

I put my hand again into my pocket—the Colonel turned away, and was out of the room in an inſtant.

I have now been twelve days a wife.—

* * * * * *

Thurſday morning.—

I have loſt all my ſpirits, Louiſa—I tried to rally the Colonel laſt night at ſupper

ſupper time, but he was too dexterous for me—I had nothing to ſay.——

There is a load at my heart that will not ſuffer me to be chearful.——

I muſt take care to conceal it from the Colonel.

—How unlucky that St. Aubyn ſhould come juſt now!

About an hour ſince I was ſearching my pocket for a paper, and accidentally drew out his letter.——

The Colonel fixed his eye on it—but not till the ſame ſort of accident had made me cover it with my handkerchief as it lay on my lap.——

" You take a good deal of pains to " preſerve that piece of nonſenſe, Au- " guſta."——

" Sir!

" Sir!

" Nor would it contribute much to St. " Aubyn's cure, if he were to know that " what he writes now was of the impor- " tance it ſeems to be."—

—" My God—Colonel Alderton.—

" Excuſe me, my love—my ſiſter is " more to be pitied than St. Aubyn.—

" I felt myſelf hurt.——

" Do you mean, Sir, to beſpeak my " pity for this unfortunate ſiſter of " yours—— ?"

—" To make pity acceptable to a delicate mind, is to dreſs it up in the ſhape of generous ſympathy—otherwiſe it is of a quality that rather mortifies than ſoothes—I am ſorry a ſiſter of mine ſhould be in a ſituation to ſubject her to either."——

" I am

"I am equally ſorry, Colonel, that you ſhould think it neceſſary to mention your ſiſter's misfortunes to me—I have ever *felt*, as I ought, for my own ſex, and am far from being ſatisfied that you ſhould ſuppoſe yourſelf qualified to teach me any leſſon of that nature—Mr. St. Aubyn, Sir, is a ſtranger to me."—

A tone of aſperity accompanied this ſpeech, and I flounced a little towards the concluſion.——

The harpſichord was open—I ſat down to it, and thrummed away furiouſly.——

He went to the window—took up a book—laid it down again (for I watched him)—rang the bell, and, without waiting for the ſervant's attendance, walked out of the room.——

Up I ſtarted, and flew to my dreſſing room, where, ſeizing my pen and ink, I began this relation.——

I muſt not begin to think, Louiſa—my ſpirits are too much flurried.—

Is it not rather hard that the Colonel ſhould conceive himſelf warranted to controul me in ſo trifling an inſtance?—Gracious God, Louiſa, had I never known St. Aubyn, had he never been dear to me, I muſt have pitied him—this is no common calamity—and my ſenſibility has double claims upon it, when I recollect the ſource of ſuch an alarming viſitation.——

* * * * * *

After-

Afternoon.

At dinner the Colonel was very complacent, and paid me more than common attention.——

The man has ſenſe enough to ſee that no great good is likely to reſult from oppoſitions of that kind which we were engaged in this morning.——

And I, as a good ſort of a woman, you know, Louiſa, thought it juſt as prudent to forget that we had tiffed—indeed I was glad to find, that neither my aunt or couſins had any ſuſpicion of it.

But after all, my dear, the Colonel does not ſeem to intereſt himſelf in the leaſt about St. Aubyn.—

I hear him coming.—

* * * * * *

Night.

Heaven be praiſed, Mr. Sullivan is arrived—what an amiable character is this Sullivan, and with what affectionate zeal does he exert himſelf in the ſervice of friendſhip?

He ſays he had ſome letters from St. Aubyn lately, which gave him too much reaſon to ſuſpect that his intellects were in danger.——

And he was not at all ſurprized to hear of his being in Devonſhire.

He

He propoſes removing him to an apartment at a farm-houſe in the vale, and ſending off immediately for his wife.——

The man who has the care of St. Aubyn, ſays, that when the two gentlemen met, it was a moſt affecting ſpectacle.——

St. Aubyn knew his friend immediately—and ſo much was Mr. Sullivan diſconcerted, that he turned away his face to wipe away the tears that rolled down his cheek.——

But there was a wild, a vacant ſtare in St. Aubyn's countenance, that too faithfully interpreted the melancholy fact.—

" I am at the Moat-houſe at laſt, Stafford," ſaid Mr. St. Aubyn—" by which you may ſee I know what I am about."——

Mr. Sullivan kindly importuned him to chace away from his remembrance every circumſtance that brought back what was paſt, and could not now be remedied.——

St. Aubyn underſtood him.——

" I made a glorious choice for a friend " in this Iriſhman—I am ſorry for " Emily, notwithſtanding——ſhe, poor " thing, is all innocence—all goodneſs."

They talked a good deal together, and Mr. St. Aubyn preſerved, in general, a conſiſtency, that was ſurprizing, conſidering the ſubject they were upon—but at Mr. Sullivan's deſire, the man retired, and left them together.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Night.

Mr. Sullivan ſat next to me at ſupper, and in a kind of half-whiſper, aſked if he could have a few minutes converſation with me in the morning.—

I looked at the Colonel, but it was more the effect of chance than deſign—he inſtantly acquieſced with what I had ſeemed to think, and ſaid, "the Colonel might undoubtedly be preſent if he pleaſed."——

"You are ſeriouſly alarmed for your friend, Mr. Sullivan."—

"His

" His ſituation, Madam, cannot be " otherwiſe than alarming—is any cala- " mity ſo deplorable as the loſs of rea- " ſon ?—Oh ! Mrs. Alderton"—(and he looked at the Colonel)—" we are all " ſadly confuſed here—and where the " miſchief will end I know not."

I am certainly a good deal intereſted in this affair, for Mr. Sullivan's manner of ſpeaking was terrifying—and a cold ſhivering ſeized me.—I called for water —my couſin ſays I was pale as death— and whether the Colonel *did*, or *would* not ſee it, I am at a loſs to tell you— certain it is, he obſerved me engaged in converſation with Mr. Sullivan, and at any rate did not *ſeem* deſirous of interrupting me.——

Mr. Sullivan ſaw that I felt more than

I was

I was willing to expreſs—and diſcreetly gave up the ſubject.——

Not a ſyllable has my huſband ſaid about St. Aubyn ſince the morning—I have ſtole a few minutes to ſcribble this in.—My faithful couſin is with me in my dreſſing room, and we contrive it together.——

* * * * * *

Friday noon.

He is gone—poor St. Aubyn this morning was put into a chaiſe, and conducted to a farm-houſe, about two miles diſtant, where he is to wait the arrival of his unhappy wife.

I ſtole

I ſtole a glance from the window of my chamber as he croſſed the lawn—he had hold of Mr. Sullivan's arm—the man followed behind—St. Aubyn got to the gate and ſtopt—he ſpoke ſomething to his friend, whilſt he held his hand—he turned about and gave a look towards my window—I am afraid, he ſaw me, for he drew his handkerchief from his pocket—Mr. Sullivan looked up likewiſe, and inſtantly hurried him out of ſight.——

My eyes remained for ſome time rivetted to the ſpot he had juſt left, and when I took them away, they were dimmed with tears.——

This is not right, Louiſa—I have no buſineſs to give way to theſe little weakneſſes, (as the Colonel calls them.)

What

What is St. Aubyn to me?

It was a fortunate circumſtance that my huſband happened to be abſent.

—But is Auguſta then glad to have recourſe to diſſimulation, to ſecure the confidence of her huſband?

Is it honorable in me to ſeek to diſguiſe what I feel?——

If right, why need I bluſh to declare it?——

If wrong—Auguſta is not the wife ſhe ought to be.——

Do you know, Louiſa, I dare not truſt myſelf with too cloſe an enquiry into this matter—and I am abſolutely coward enough therefore to give it up?

The Colonel has not been in ſince breakfaſt time—heaven forbid he ſhould come to ſurprize me yet—my eyes, Sophia ſays,

ſays, are red—nor can I, with all the exertions poſſible, recover my ſpirits—very heavy ſighs burſt from my breaſt—I reſt my cheek on my hand, and am for ſome minutes loſt in thought.——

Yet I feel eaſier whilſt I am writing to you on this ſubject, altho' reaſon tells me that I ought to forget it—this is not the way to do ſo, Louiſa—well, then, reaſon ſhall be obeyed, *let it coſt what it will.*

Adieu—

AUGUSTA ALDERTON.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

To Mrs. St. Aubyn,

Grafton-ſtreet, Dublin.

The Moor-ſide Inn, Wedneſday.

Dear Madam,

IT is with great concern I inform you, that my friend St. Aubyn is extremely ill at the houſe of Mr. Chriſtopher White, farmer, at the Elms, near Brook-Dale, in Devon.

It becomes highly neceſſary, my dear Mrs. St. Aubyn, that you ſhould immediately come over to England—from the letter your unhappy huſband left behind him the night he embarked, you may poſſibly have determined to follow him—and if ſo, I truſt this will meet you before your departure.

I ſend this expreſs acroſs the country, to catch the mail on its way to Holyhead—you will come the ſame route, to facilitate which, my meſſenger ſhall wait your arrival to conduct you here.

Believe me, with great regard,

Your faithful and obedient ſervant,

STAFFORD SULLIVAN.

LET-

LETTER XLVII.

To Miss Harriet Alderton,

Grafton-ſtreet, Dublin.

The Elms, Devon, Sunday.

BLINDED by my tears I can hardly write, but grief like mine may perhaps be a little ſoftened by being confided into the ſiſterly boſom of my Harriet.—

By a fortunate circumſtance, I had no ſooner landed at Holyhead, than I met with a ſervant of Mr. Sullivan's (whom

I had ſeen with his maſter at Bath) and was informed that he waited, by Mr. Sullivan's orders, to conduct me into Devonſhire—that a letter had been diſpatched the preceding evening in the packet to Dublin to acquaint me that my unhappy St. Aubyn was then in the fatal neighbourhood of the Moat-houſe, dangerouſly ill, and that my preſence was immediately neceſſary.

This ſaved me a long and fruitleſs journey to London, where I ſhould otherwiſe have gone in queſt of the unfortunate wanderer.

When I arrived here, Mr. Sullivan (whoſe tender and affectionate attachment to his friend no language can do juſtice to)—received me, and explained, with his peculiar delicacy, the circumſtances

ſtances that had brought my huſband into this part of the country—alas, I had before too much reaſon to know that his mind had ſuffered in the dreadful ſtruggle.—

—Ah, my God, Harriet, guard againſt that deſtructive paſſion—that lurking poiſon falſely denominated Love—'tis the common enemy to us all—if ever you ſhould doubt, my ſiſter, remember the fatal power it had over the accompliſhed, the exalted mind of St. Aubyn—like a ruthleſs torrent, furiouſly broke looſe, it ſwept away all before it—and humanity, honor, tranquility and reaſon, *fell* in the general ruin.—

For me, Harriet—let pity at leaſt be tender to my faults—the affection of my ſiſter will do the reſt.

Suddenly plunged from the fair ſummit of happineſs, into the gloomieſt abyſs of miſery, what remains for your wretched Emily?—Ah, my dear, I tremble at the trial that my feeble reaſon has to encounter!

* * * * * *

Sunday night.

I have ſeen my huſband—Gracious God—what a ſcene! at any rate let me bow to *thy* will, ſince it may be for my good that I am thus afflicted—

He knew me—indeed the phyſician who attends him, ſays he has lucid intervals that laſt a conſiderable time.

But

But he fears *that fatal ſomething* on his mind will baffle every effort of art to reſtore him.

Mrs. Alderton, I am informed, is indiſpoſed—they tell me ſhe has ſuffered a good deal on this occaſion—but, Harriet, what can be the reaſon my brother has refuſed to ſee me?—Mr. Sullivan ſays, it is certainly a nice point, and he ſeems rather to approve this apparently unkind determination of *him* that was the tendereſt of brothers.——

What complicated ſorrows am I ſurrounded with!

* * * * * *

Monday morn.

A letter is this inſtant brought me from my brother—'tis as follows.

To

To Mrs. St. Aubyn.

" I am very unhappy, my ſiſter, al-
" tho' I would fain ſeem otherwiſe—
" Emily, I have not made a prudent
" choice—I have (innocently, God
" knows) deſtroyed the happineſs of
" two lovers, deſtined, I now believe,
" for each other.

" Nay, farther to aggravate my ſuffer-
" ings, I have given a fatal ſtab to a
" beloved ſiſter's peace—I ought not to
" have urged St. Aubyn to marry you.—

" I pity him—Emily—altho' he treats
" me harſhly—altho' he thinks ſo mean-
" ly of me as to ſuppoſe all this was
" deſigned.——

" Painful

" Painful as the reſolution is, I muſt
" not ſee you—you are St. Aubyn's wife
" —Emily—take it not amiſs—my af-
" fection you cannot have a doubt of.

" Indeed we are a melancholy groupe
" here all together.

" Auguſta, too late, finds ſhe is miſ-
" taken—that ſhe had not conquered her
" attachment for St. Aubyn—that her
" marrying me was nothing more than
" the haſty flight of female caprice.—

" Write to me, if you will, Emily—
" but at any rate don't leave the country
" without letting me know.——.

" Yours affectionately,

" F. Aldekton."

Alas!—my brother, what can I ſay to you?——

St. Aubyn, Harriet, is worſe—he has a burning fever on him that I heard them whiſper would prove the criſis of the diſorder.——

They call me to his chamber.

* * * * * *

(CONTINUED BY MR. SULLIVAN.)

Wedneſday night.

Your unhappy ſiſter, Madam, deſires me to take up the pen to continue the melancholy

melancholy narrative of what is paſſing in this afflicted family.

From which you will too readily judge that ſhe is herſelf incapable of writing.

Indeed, Miſs Alderton, *I* am very unfit for the taſk—Mr. St. Aubyn is the earlieſt friend of my youth, and my affection for him, I am ſure, exceeds that of brotherly love in general.

And this friend, I fear, is loſt to me for ever.

They tell me, that his recovery from the fever which burns upon him at preſent, is doubtful—but even if it ſhould abate, it will leave a dreadful ravage on his mind, and the loſs of reaſon is inevitable—ah, my God—poor St. Aubyn, then, muſt be numbered with thoſe wretched

wretched victims who are neceſſarily doomed to ſevere confinement, and to rigid diſcipline—and this for the tender nature, the meek, harmleſs compoſition of the amiable Sydney St. Aubyn!

All day yeſterday he raved with extreme violence, and knew none of us—a little change took place in the night, and he aſked for water, and deſired I might be ſent for.——

This was eaſily done, for I had thrown myſelf on a ſettee in the next room to him.

He firſt enquired after his wife—"Sullivan," ſaid he, "I have offended "that amiable creature, beyond a hope "of reconciliation—ſhe cannot forgive "me—for ſhe knows *where* my unwor-"thy affections lean—I could not help "it, Stafford—had the world been given

"me,

" me, it would have been a blank, uſe-
" leſs and inſignificant, without Auguſ-
" t well—that's over—tell the Colo-
" nel I forgive him—I am afraid I came
" here with a bad deſign againſt him,
" but the evil was providentially averted
" —ſend for him as ſoon as you can—
" that we may underſtand each other,
" and be friends—I have likewiſe ano-
" ther wiſh to communicate to you—it
" may appear extravagant, but after I
" have ſeen and ſettled with the Colonel,
" I muſt ſee Auguſta—I think her huſ-
" band will not oppoſe it."

And he ſighed bitterly.

I tried to divert him from a ſubject which, of all others, I knew was the moſt dangerous for him to dwell upon—but it floated uppermoſt in his thoughts, and,

ſhattered as his mind was, it ſeemed intent on nothing elſe.—

" Do you think, Sullivan, I ſhall recover the ſooner for vainly endeavouring to forget the ſource, the fatal ſource of my diſeaſe?—ah, flatter me not with a deluſion ſo extravagant!

" Rather hear me—hear your friend, whilſt he has power to expreſs himſelf.—

" I muſt not live, Sullivan—I droop, I wither, and ſhall ſoon be forgotten—poor Emily muſt forget me—ſhe muſt forget the traitor that conſpired againſt her peace.——

" That friendly boſom of yours will not ſo ſoon forget me—but, Stafford, I had better ſleep at reſt, quiet and undiſturbed, than give you, from day to day, freſh cauſe for anxiety, on my account.

" You

" You have fortitude—you have ſtrength of mind ſufficient to reconcile you to the loſs of your friend—he grieves to ſee you thus diſturbed, but of the two ſorrows which are come to afflict us, this ſeems the lighteſt."——

He held my hand faſt locked in his, whilſt he ſpoke—and he ſhook his head when he found the emotion I was ſtruggling with.——

" Spare your tears, Sullivan—they are too valuable to be waſted here—unleſs you mean them as ſacred tributes to a friendſhip which does honor to human nature."——

I had ſcarcely power to ſpeak, but I promiſed him I would ſee the Colonel early in the morning, and endeavour to prevail on him to come with me.

But, "as to Auguſta, I knew not what to ſay—the Colonel's diſcretion muſt direct him."——

He nodded, as if in acquieſcence with this obſervation of mine; and the perſon who attended him, being of opinion that he ſeemed falling into a ſlumber, hinted that it would be better for me to leave him.——

I retired, and got a little reſt, for my mind felt rather lighter than before.

In the morning, unpleaſant as the occaſion was, I went to the Moat-houſe, and was readily introduced to the Colonel—Mrs. Alderton, I was informed, was ill.——

I mentioned what had paſſed, and the Colonel, (who has really an excellent heart, and poſſeſſes very nice principles of

of honor) ſeemed embarraſſed, and at a loſs how to act.——

"My eſteem for your friend, Mr. Sullivan, perhaps ought not to be diminiſhed, becauſe of thoſe temporary errors which his misfortunes have plunged him into—I could wiſh to ſee him again the man I admired in the perſon of the amiable St. Aubyn—my heart ſtill clings to the friend that it once ſincerely eſteemed, altho' I fear, thro' *his* means, our domeſtic troubles are accumulating, and will not eaſily ſubſide. —Mrs. Alderton is dangerouſly ill, and it ſeems to be from much the ſame ſource as Mr. St. Aubyn's—thank heaven, ſhe is as yet in perfect poſſeſſion of all her faculties—but, Mr. Sullivan, I know I am not the lover—I am rather the unin-

tereſting huſband of Auguſta—ſhe feels a diſtinction, and ſhe wiſhes me to underſtand it.——

"Acquainted as Mr. Sullivan is, with all the circumſtances of this unhappy affair, what does he think I ought to determine on this occaſion?—you ſhall direct me, Sir, nor ſhall I have any difficulty in reconciling to myſelf any meaſure that you may recommend."

I thought it prudent to conceal St. Aubyn's deſire reſpecting Auguſta, and therefore frankly told the Colonel, that, under ſimilar circumſtances, I ſhould certainly be inclined to comply with my unhappy friend's requeſt—he ſaid it was ſettled—and he would attend me directly.——

We got to the Elms about eleven, and

and I underſtood from St. Aubyn's attendant that he had paſſed the night rather tranquil, and ſeemed at preſent more inclined to be ſilently thoughtful, than wildly clamorous.——

I left the Colonel below, and went up to his chamber.

" You have Colonel Alderton with you, Sullivan," ſaid he, " I ſaw you juſt now croſſing the cloſe together—you are very good to take ſo much trouble about me,"—and he ſighed.

I thought the moment very favourable for the purpoſe, and therefore told him if he was ready, I would introduce the Colonel immediately.——

" He was quite prepared," he ſaid.—

The Colonel ſtarted, when, on entering the chamber, he caught a firſt look at

St.

St. Aubyn—my poor friend, indeed, *was* a good deal altered, inſomuch (as the Colonel afterwards told me) that he ſhould ſcarcely have known him.

His countenance was pale and lengthened—his cheeks were ſunk inwards, and over his eyes a film had gathered, that gave them an appearance very different from what the Colonel had ever known them before.——

Colonel Alderton offered him his hand.——

St. Aubyn readily received it, and by the motion of his lips it was evident he tried to articulate ſomething that he was unequal to.———

For a minute or two he looked ſtedfaſtly at the Colonel, ſtill keeping the hand he had accepted cloſed in his.—

At laſt he ſpoke.——

" You come then, Colonel, to excuſe me for the rude exceſſes I have been guilty of; and you mean to think no more of them—well—'tis kind of you, Sir, and I ſhall not forget it—'twere a pity," and he ſhook his head, "you married Miſs Conway—'twere a pity I married your ſiſter—we have been ſadly at croſs purpoſes together—but you did not foreſee what would happen—you thought I had done with Auguſta—I thought ſo too—we now find it otherwiſe.—

" Which ever way I turn, the proſpect is dreadful—*your* peace is diſturbed—mine is for ever loſt—your ſiſter ſuffers—innocently ſhe ſuffers—whilſt AUGUSTA—they tell me Mrs. Alderton is ill, Colonel—inform me, Sir, is ſhe better?"

—" My

—" My wife, Mr. St. Aubyn, continues, as ſhe has been for ſome days, very ill, and I fear we have too much reaſon to ſuſpect ſhe is yielding to a ſlow and ſilent melancholy."

—St. Aubyn caught at this—and eager and impatient was about to reply—but he checked himſelf, and the Colonel proceeded.—

" We propoſe, as ſoon as ſhe can venture on the fatigue of a journey, to try the ſouth of France—new ſcenes may perhaps divert this languor from her mind—here every object continually furniſhes food for reflection, and conſequently ſtrengthens remembrance."

" God knows," ſaid St. Aubyn—" I am ſorry for all this—but I hope when (as indeed it will not be long firſt) I am out

of

of the way, you will all recover and be happy—I have done miſchief enough, I think.—

" However, Sir, that no reflection injurious to your honor may hereafter attach itſelf to the character of Colonel Alderton—my friend Mr. Sullivan will hear what I have to ſay—thank God, I feel myſelf, at this moment, in perfect poſſeſſion of my reaſon.—

" In the heighth of ungovernable fury I accuſed you of having acted with duplicity and artifice, in regard to Miſs Conway—(I mean the lady who is now Mrs. Alderton)—a diſturbed imagination, like mine, is ſtrangely inconſiſtent, and I am ſorry it miſled me ſo far as to do you ſo much injuſtice—Miſs Conway was undoubtedly as free to you as to any

other

other gentleman—*I was the first, the chief abettor of my own misery*—but had she happened to have made another choice, I own I think it would have been better—I would have tried to forget her—absent and distant, time might at last have been my friend—but her union with you touched me too closely, and kept the fatal passion lingeringly alive—'tis an infirmity for which my heart only is accountable—Augusta long since knew its frailty, and she will forgive whatever errors it has, on that account, brought upon itself—*I* am most to blame—I ought to have known that my heart was unworthy your sister—I have still my peace to make with that injured, that amiable woman.——

" Believe

" Believe me, Colonel, I am not long for this world—I find no charm in life equal to the anxiety it will coſt to ſecure it, and I ſhall truſt to charity to ſpare my memory—but that you have nothing to do with—before I go—(you are ſatisfied, Colonel, that I am perfectly collected)—I have one favor to aſk from you—will you conſent to my exchanging a few words with Mrs. Alderton, in your preſence, in the preſence of my wife, if you require it?—by heaven, Colonel Alderton, you will live to remember it with ſatisfaction."——

—The Colonel very readily aſſured him, that his wife ſhould be immediately apprized of his deſire, and he pledged his honor that he would not oppoſe her intentions in any reſpect.——

St. Aubyn ſeemed a good deal elated at the Colonel's friendly and prompt reply, and they parted in ſomething leſs than an hour, mutually ſatisfied with each other.

The Colonel promiſed to let me know his wife's ſentiments in the courſe of the day.——

And this evening he ſent me a ſhort note, ſignifying, that if Mrs. Alderton was able to get into the carriage, ſhe would be at the Elms to-morrow afternoon.——

A poſt goes through here in the middle of the night, and I am loth to loſe the chance of a conveyance—after the awful interview I propoſed for to-morrow, I ſhall reſume, and heaven grant, my dear Madam, that my next may teem with more welcome tidings.

Mrs.

Mrs. St. Aubyn continues much the ſame, ſhe deſires me to add her affectionate remembrance to the cordial reſpects of

Your very faithful ſervant,

S. SULLIVAN.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Mr. MANLEY,

To be left at Holyland's Coffee-house, in the Strand, London.

Sherborne, Wednesday.

IN the first place, Manley, I return you your bank note, and I do it *chiefly* to shew you, that I can be displeased at your supposing the regret I felt for the loss of you was of a nature to be cured *that way*, as if fifty pounds was the price of my affections.

I wish

I wiſh you happy, notwithſtanding, for I believe you deſerve it—if I am entitled to thoſe thanks which you ſo laviſhly beſtow upon me, that they may not be thrown away, I will accept them; but indeed, Manley, in rendering you the little ſervices which happened to be in my power, I always gratified myſelf.

When fortune found *you* out in your obſcurity, and converted the needy itinerant into the affluent gentleman (you know my frank way of ſpeaking) ſhe had alſo an eye upon your humble ſervant—and laſt week, in the middle of my grief for your ſudden elopement, (and it *did* hurt me, Manley)—I met with an adventure that gave a very *ſerious* turn to my ſituation and affairs.——

I was performing lady Townley to Neville's lord Townley (a ſad ſubſtitute for

my poor Manley) when a note was thrown on the ſtage—I did not obſerve from whence it came, but it fell cloſe to my feet, and I made an attempt to kick it away, but eſpying a direction, and taking it for granted that it muſt be a billet, I dropt as gracefully as I could, and with a happy indifference, and careleſs compoſure, put it into my pocket.—

The ſcene over, away I flew to my dreſſing room, and drew out the paper—it was addreſſed "To Mrs. Manley"—and the following were the contents.

"It will not give Mrs. Manley any "offence (for none is intended) if a "gentleman deſires the favor of her to "ſignify, as privately as ſhe pleaſes, the "name ſhe bore before her preſent "——— with ——— A ſervant will "attend

" attend for her anſwer immediately
" after the third act.——

" Tueſday evening."

Returning to the green-room, I ſaw a ſervant (who, I ſuppoſed, was in waiting for my anſwer)—that appeared to belong to ſome military gentleman, and when I came up to him, he bowed, and very reſpectfully enquired if I had any anſwer for his maſter.——

" You may tell your maſter, it would
" have pleaſed me better if he had
" truſted me with his name, when he
" made ſo extraordinary an enquiry—
" after this act, he may ſpeak to me if
" he pleaſes,"—and I left him.——

The act over, I found a genteel-looking man in the green-room—he addreſſed me very politely, yet with an earneſt look

look that rather chagrined me—I could not account for it, but I felt ſtrangely flurried, nor did he ſeem leſs diſturbed.

" I took the liberty, Madam, to ſend a note to you, and after aſſuring you that I am far from wiſhing to attempt the leaſt treſpaſs on delicacy, or that I am acting from an idle impulſe of curioſity, I dare ſay you will do me the favor to ſatisfy me.—

His voice added to my chagrin.—

" My maiden name, Sir, was HARVEY."

" Gracious God—my ſiſter !—I knew " I could not be miſtaken—nature " whiſpered faithfully"—and he claſped me in an affectionate embrace.

" I have taken infinite pains, Lucy, to find you out—but chance this evening has accompliſhed more than nearly ſix months anxious and unremitting enquiries—

enquiries—in finding me, you have found a brother, who has, thank heaven, the power and the inclination to acknowledge you as a ſiſter, and to enable you to make yourſelf worthy of him—I am ſtill, as you will obſerve, in the army, altho' by a fortunate and indeed happy marriage with the rich widow of an American planter, at the cloſe of the war, I am maſter of no inconſiderable poſſeſſions—fortune has been my friend thro' life, Lucy—and I hope I have never yet done any thing to diſgrace my name or my profeſſion."——

This was a kind of indirect reproach—(altho' it was not intended) that I could not help feeling—becauſe theſe private conſciouſneſſes are very aukward, and produce ſtrange ſenſations, Manley.

The

The people about us at firſt began to vent their little ſplenetic rancour—the women wondered what was ſo particularly taking in me to ſecure ſuch an admirer, (as they thought him) and the men began to throw out a few hints about inconſtancy, and one Mr. Manley.——

Nor did I undeceive any of them—but having ſatisfied my brother that it was expedient I ſhould finiſh my night's performance, and ſilently take leave of the ſtage for ever—returned quite compoſed to my duty.—

My brother attended me to my lodgings, where I learnt that he came on a recruiting party into Dorſetſhire, after having been into Cornwall, and all the country round, making enquiries of Mr. Price, and of every other perſon likely

to

to tell him what was become of me, but all without effect, and he deſpaired of finding me, until chance brought him that evening, to the theatre, and I had no ſooner appeared, than my features ſtruck him, and my voice confirming his ſuſpicions that I was the object of his purſuit, in the haſte of the moment he wrote the note I received, and threw it on the ſtage.—

His wife, he told me, had been ſome years dead, after having put him into poſſeſſion of a very handſome fortune, inſomuch that he had for ſome time paſt had it in contemplation to give up his commiſſion and retire.

But a punctilio of honor had heretofore diverted him from his purpoſe.—

His firſt promotion in the army, he told me, was in conſequence of his having

ing been very active in ſeizing ſome colours at the memorable battle on Bunkers-hill, where he ſerved as a private only, but being afterwards made a corporal, and then preſented with a halbert, he ſoon got the appointment of a quarter-maſter, where, by his good behaviour, he got ſo much into favor, and ſo generally eſteemed, that the commander in chief gave him the firſt vacant enſigncy, and by a continued ſeries of fortunate events, he was now captain of a company.

His income, independent of his commiſſion, (which by the bye he could not diſpoſe of for money) is ſomething leſs than ſeven hundreds a year—to inherit or partake of which he has no family, nor any relations excepting myſelf—and he very kindly left it to me to determine where

where I ſhould prefer a reſidence, (in a place diſtant from hence) to ſhare his fortune with him, and ſhelter myſelf from any further viciſſitudes.—

From the manner in which he hinted this, I readily underſtood, that the farther I retired from a ſcene I had been ſo *publicly* known in, the more agreeable it would be to him—but I declined naming any particular place, rather chuſing to let it reſt with him—and he propoſed taking me with him to the city of York, from whence he could occaſionally viſit Scarbro' (a place he was very partial to) and other towns on the ſea coaſt.

But I forgot to tell you, Manley, that previous to all this, he had made ſome enquiry about my huſband—I thought he ſuſpected ſomething was amiſs, and therefore to ſave myſelf the anxiety of

firſt inventing, and afterwards ſupporting a fabrication, I told him candidly and unreſervedly the hiſtory of my acquaintance with you.—

It was not neceſſary I ſhould go any farther into my memoirs, and tho' his pride was hurt at what I told him, he had good ſenſe enough to ſee that it could not now be remedied—my way of life, he ſaid, he was apprehenſive had expoſed me to temptation, and of courſe to error.——

When your letter arrived I ſhewed it to him—you wrote like a gentleman, Manley, altho' you hurt me—but do you think you can believe me, when I tell you, that had not this fortunate change happened, I would not have accepted your offering in the manner it was made —neceſſity and pride might have had a

ſtruggle,

ſtruggle, perhaps, but you ought to know that I never had a mercenary quality in my compoſition.—

Behold me now in the ready road to reformation—I have no habitual vices, the few failings I have are merely the effects of inconſiderate gaiety—I may make a good ſort of a wife after all.—

And if now and then the ſofter part of your mind ſhould cheriſh a little tender ſentiment for your Lucilla, be it from the impulſe of gratitude or otherwiſe, you may write to me, and I will anſwer you—direct to be left at the poſt-office, York.

You don't ſay what kind of a wife you have taken to, Manley—ſome formal prudiſh matron, I dare ſay, that never forgets to denounce, with bitter aſperity, all cattle of my deſcription—to ſay the

truth, I don't know but ſhe is right—for there is, I am ſure, a ſecret charm in conſcious virtue, that more than compenſates, in the end, for the tranſitory inconveniencies reſulting from ſelf-denial.—

Adieu—Manley—be happy, and let me know it. your heart

Yours with great regard,

LUCY HARVEY,

LET-

LETTER XLIX.

To Miss Harriet Alderton,

Grafton-ſtreet, Dublin.

The Moor-ſide Inn, Friday morning.

YOUR ſiſter, Madam, is better than ſhe has been for ſome days, but not ſufficiently collected to venture with her pen.

From the time I finiſhed my laſt, Mr. St. Aubyn ſeemed gaining ground in

his reſtoration, and after a very good night, he received me with an appearance of chearfulneſs and compoſure, which we were unanimous in pronouncing very favourable ſymptoms.

But the hour drew near for the awful interview with Mrs. Alderton, and he began to grow reſtleſs and impatient, frequently turning to the window that commanded the lane, and fixing his eyes in an earneſt ſtare for ſome minutes.——

At laſt a carriage was in view.

He ſtood motionleſs until he obſerved it turn towards the Elms, and draw up to the door.

It was between four and five in the afternoon.

My ſervant came up, and informed me

me that Colonel Alderton was below, and deſired the favor of ſeeing me.

St. Aubyn haſtily demanded if his lady was with him.

The ſervant looked at me before he gave an anſwer.——

I told him by all means to ſatisfy Mr. St. Aubyn.—

" The Colonel's lady is with him, Sir."—

" I knew it," ſaid St. Aubyn, and he ſmiled.—" You will ſoon ſettle the " preliminaries, Sullivan—go—we have " no time to loſe."——

The Colonel met me at the bottom of the ſtairs.

" Mr. Sullivan, I have brought Mrs. " Alderton—ſhe is very unwell, and I " don't know what may the conſequen- " ces, but I had pre-determined not to " interfere

" interfere in the matter, and when I " found my wife was not againſt it, I " left her to purſue her own inclinations " —ſhe waits in the parlour."

If the Colonel was chagrined when he beheld the altered looks of St. Aubyn, I was not leſs ſo when I ſaw Mrs. Alderton.——

You never knew the lady, Madam, but had you beheld her (as ſhe but lately was) in the bloom of youth and beauty, you would have allowed, that a lovelier figure could not be found.—I have certainly ſeen very fine women, but, on my honor, Auguſta Conway far ſurpaſſed every object that I had hitherto ſeen diſtinguiſhed for beauty and elegance.

And the ravages of grief muſt have been powerful indeed, that in ſo ſhort a time

a time could have effected ſo fatal a revolution.——

Pale and languid, ſhe juſt roſe from her chair when I entered, but inſtantly ſunk down again.——

I thought it rather extraordinary, but the Colonel withdrew.—

" Your friend, Mr. Sullivan, muſt promiſe himſelf a good deal from this interview with me, or he would not ſo earneſtly have ſued for it—it would have been unkind in me to have refuſed him, altho,' ill as I am, I fear it will be more than I am equal to—I have inſiſted on the Colonel's being preſent, and on no other conditions would I have conſented —I think Mrs. St. Aubyn ſhould alſo be there."—

I told Mrs. Alderton that it ſhould certainly be mentioned to Mrs. St. Aubyn,

byn, but I was rather inclined to think ſhe could not be prevailed upon.—

In a few minutes the Colonel returned, and ſaid, Mr. St. Aubyn had ſent down a meſſage to ſignify that he was ready to receive us?—

I undertook to ſpeak to Mrs. St. Aubyn, and to return immediately.

Your ſiſter expreſſed herſelf ſincerely thankful to Mrs. Alderton, for her condeſcenſion, but peremptorily declined being of the party.—

The Colonel ſaid, he feared it would be ſo, and deſiring me to lead the way, we moved up ſtairs.

I entered the chamber firſt, and uſhered in Mrs. Alderton.—

She looked at St. Aubyn—turned to her huſband—caught hold of his arm, graſped it convulſively, and fainted.—

" We

" We could expect nothing elſe," ſaid the Colonel, and he carried her to a ſettee near the window.—

St. Aubyn ſpoke not, nor did he move from the ſpot to which ſurprize and horror had firſt rivetted him.—

His eyes indeed followed the Colonel as he bore his lovely charge in his arms, and there they remained fixed.—

He beckoned me to come to him.—

" Sullivan," and he whiſpered, " ſhe is going—now mark the malevolence of fate defeated—we ſhall yet (in ſpite of all deſtiny) be united.—Did you know ſhe was ſo ill—ſo altered?—am I changed as much for the worſe?—certainly I am, and Auguſta knows it—now, Love, be merciful—thou haſt triumphed—here let two unfortunate victims cloſe their ſufferings—ſhe moves not—ſhe is dead—

Sullivan,

Sullivan, I have juſt diſcovered, that one half of my heart has loſt its vital warmth —and that the other will ſoon be cold— I know what it means—I think I hear her—undeceive me not—let me die and believe her in my arms."——

He raiſed his voice as he concluded what he ſpoke—and it was plain, from the wildneſs in his eyes and manner, that his ſlender reaſon was overpowered—I anſwered him not, but made a ſign for him to be ſilent.

Auguſta preſently recovered.——

Colonel Alderton's attention to her was very affectionate and becoming.— " Had you not better retire, my love"— ſaid he.——

St. Aubyn heard him.——

" A little while and we ſhall all retire."——

St.

St. Aubyn meant to ſay this to himſelf, but he ſpoke loud enough to be heard.——

Mrs. Alderton ſaid ſhe ſhould be better by and bye—and ſhe caſt her eyes round, and fixed them on St. Aubyn.—

His eyes met hers—both drew them away together.——

My poor friend's intellects were now ſadly deranged—he put on his hat—he went up to Mrs. Alderton—ſhe was frightened at him, and caught hold of her huſband.——

"Ah, Madam," ſaid St. Aubyn, (ſmiling) "I mean not to harm you—God forbid—but you owe no ſecurity to that gentleman's protection"—and he ſat down by her.——

"We are now all together as friends," continued St. Aubyn—"excepting my

wife—cannot ſhe be ſent for, Sullivan ?"——

I aſſured him ſhe was very ill, and unable to leave her chamber.

" So is Auguſta—ſo is Mrs. Alderton very ill—yet ſhe came, becauſe ———" and he looked at the Colonel, and heſitated.——

" Indeed Mr. St. Aubyn," ſaid Mrs. Alderton, " I came, becauſe I underſtood you expreſſed a deſire to ſee me, and I thought it might anſwer ſome purpoſe favorable to the wiſhes of your friends—otherwiſe we have now no buſineſs together"—and a ſigh ſtole from her, which it was evident ſhe would fain have ſuppreſſed.——

St. Aubyn hung down his head.

Her hand careleſsly lay on the ſettee, as ſhe ſpoke.——

St.

St. Aubyn looked at it—then at Auguſta—then on her huſband—then returning to her hand, he ſeized, and bore it to his lips—ſhe did not oppoſe him.

"There—AUGUSTA—that's the laſt."

She pretended not to underſtand him, but the Colonel did, and ſeeming ſuddenly to recollect himſelf, he left the room, before we were aware of his deſign.——

I think in ſo doing the Colonel acted judiciouſly, for he ſaw by St. Aubyn's manner, that his preſence was a reſtraint.——

St. Aubyn ſeemed pleaſed at it—and I thought his eyes reſumed their natural calmneſs.—

Again he took hold of Auguſta's hand —and again ſhe permitted him to ſalute it.—

" I am better—Auguſta"—ſaid he—" your huſband has done wiſely to withdraw, whilſt your lover was about to tell you how ſoon you would ſee a ſhattered mind in ruins.—

" 'Tis over—Mrs. Alderton—I ſee you once more, and once more I have preſſed that hand—only one thing remains, and you ſhall have no further trouble with St. Aubyn—tell me, do you mean to be happy?"—

She ſtared at him—but by a ſignificant look of his, ſhe quickly conceived his meaning.—

" I will anſwer you, St. Aubyn—I was not born to be happy."—

" The means were once in your power, Auguſta."—

" So were they in yours, Mr. St. Aubyn."—

" I under-

" I underſtand you, Auguſta—'tis well —the Colonel is your huſband now—and we have no buſineſs together."—

And he 'roſe—ſhe made an effort to retire, but he prevented it—and again they were ſeated by each other.—

I ſaw a tear had ſtarted on Auguſta's cheek.—

St. Aubyn ſaw it.—

" You weep for me, Auguſta—perhaps *now* you believe it will ſoon be over with me—Oh yes—yes—'tis ſettled—but that tear ſpeaks comfort to me—while a little ſpark of life faintly glows, I will remember it, and when, with me, nature is exhauſted, and memory is no more, you ſhall take comfort from recollecting the benevolent drop which pity this day parted with for poor St. Aubyn.——

Mrs. Alderton's heart was now full—

her tears flowed faſt—ſhe hung upon St. Aubyn—he tenderly ſupported her.—

" I would fain," ſaid ſhe, " have " been ſpared this treſpaſs upon the " rigid etiquette of honor—my huſband " ought to be offended at it—and in- " deed he does not deſerve to ſuffer for " my weakneſſes—he might have made " a happier choice—Oh! St. Aubyn— " it cannot now be recalled."—

" My parting breath ſhall bleſs you, Auguſta, for that welcome word—'twas all my anxious ſoul aſpired to—now, finiſh thy work, Fate—I am ready—this momentary gleam of tranquility I am alive to—what remains for me, muſt be miſery in proportion."—

" If, in our unfortunate intercourſe, " I have erred, St. Aubyn, am I not " ſeverely puniſhed?—Theſe wretched

" looks,

" looks, this faded form, will tell you " that I know I might have been hap- " pier—nor does it leſſen my miſery, " when I reflect *how* I might have been " happier—but, St. Aubyn,"—and her ſpeech faultered—her tears chaced each other down her languid cheeks—" St. Aubyn—for heaven's ſake, forgive me—I knew not how much I loved you."—

St. Aubyn ſeemed entranced as ſhe uttered theſe laſt words.——

Mrs. Alderton hid her face in her handkerchief—he had his arm round her waiſt—ſhe leant on his ſhoulder—his cheek touched hers—and at that inſtant in came Colonel Alderton.——

St. Aubyn moved not from the attitude he was in, but when AUGUSTA ſaw her huſband, ſhe faintly diſengaged herſelf from his embrace.——

—Yet ſhe ſhewed no conſciouſneſs of error,

error, but rather as if her huſband had been preſent all the time, and had ſanctioned their tender endearments.

Whatever the Colonel thought, he took no notice of it, but affectionately enquired if Auguſta was better.

" Something eaſier," ſhe ſaid.——

St. Aubyn aroſe.

" Colonel Alderton—the criſis of *my fate* is paſt—I have done—may you be happy—God bleſs you, Sir"—and he graſped his hand—" St. Aubyn may at leaſt be pitied."

Mrs. Alderton moved from her ſeat—St. Aubyn watched her—he held out his hand—ſhe received it—her face was averted—he called out, " AUGUSTA,"—ſhe lifted up her eyes, and turned towards him—he caught her in his arms—ſhe ſhrieked and fainted.——

We hurried her out of the room.——

* * *

* * * * * * *

When I returned to St. Aubyn, he was walking about with his arms folded.——

I ſpoke to him.——

" Huſh, Sullivan, I have a mental " reckoning to ſettle—don't diſturb me."

I left him.——

In leſs than half an hour he ſent for me.——

His firſt enquiry was after Auguſta.—

I told him the carriage had been ordered—and ſhe was about to depart.——

And at the inſtant the chariot drove from the door.

St.

St. Aubyn heard it, and flew to the window—he raiſed the ſaſh, and with a lingering eye followed the carriage until it was loſt among the trees.

" That's over," ſaid he, " and now what remains ?—Sullivan, I am better—I feel inclined to weep—will you leave me, and come again in an hour ?"

I charged the attendant to be vigilant, and took my leave.——

In about two hours I went in again—the man told me Mr. St. Aubyn had been in deep thought, ſilent and melancholy, ſince I left him—but, upon the whole, he really believed him to be better.——

And when I ſpoke to him, he anſwered me with great collectedneſs and conſiſtency.——

I mentioned his wife to him.——

He

He ſhook his head—" not after Auguſta," ſaid he—" mention her no more, " Mr. Sullivan—I know what I am " about—'tis needleſs to inſult Mrs. " St. Aubyn, by pretending to feel what " I do not—ſhe has too much diſcern- " ment not to detect the impoſition— " and I have ſufficiently lowered myſelf " in her opinion already."

The evening advanced, and I propoſed leaving him till the morning—indeed there was a good deal of reaſon to conclude him better, and I was very well ſatisfied, that we had ſo ſucceſsfully brought about the interview with Mrs. Alderton—ſince it was certainly to *that* we might attribute his preſent promiſing ſtate.——

He enquired what time he might look for me in the morning, and I aſſured him

him I ſhould only wait at the inn to write a few letters, (of which this is one) and would be with him by noon, at fartheſt—he preſſed my hand, and we parted.——

I ſaw your ſiſter before I left the Elms —and I am happy to inform you, that it was generally thought ſhe was better—indeed, Mrs. St. Aubyn, herſelf, told me that ſhe felt rather more tranquil, than ſhe had been of late; her grief having exhauſted itſelf, and ſettled into ſomething like the calmneſs of reſignation.——

If I return in time to make any further report of importance, I ſhall break open and add it to this letter—if not, my ſervant will leave it out to be delivered with the other letters from the neighbouring

bouring villages, to the boy who calls at the Moor-ſide Inn with his bag.——

At preſent, Miſs Alderton, we have hopes, and I need not tell you what pleaſure it will give me to find them realized.

I am

Your obedient and faithful

humble ſervant,

STAFFORD SULLIVAN.

LETTER L.

To the Same.

The Moor-ſide Inn, Saturday morning.

THE fatal fiat has paſſed, and your widowed ſiſter lives to find herſelf a melancholy victim to unrelenting fate.—

I could have added theſe dreadful tidings to my laſt, but I had not power to write—and beſides, it would have been uncharitable to have withheld from your affectionate boſom, one tranſitory gleam

gleam of conſolation, altho' it were ſo ſoon to give way to a violent torrent of affliction.—

St. Aubyn is no more.—

The deed was raſh, but heaven, in pity to the ſad workings of deſperate phrenzy, will blot out the guilty charge, or at leaſt ſuffer the numberleſs amiable qualities of my unhappy friend to weigh in extenuation.

The evening I left him, he had artfully contrived ſo far to impoſe upon his attendant, that he was leſs vigilant than uſual.

St. Aubyn was always accuſtomed to riſe early, and this morning, whilſt the man ſlept, he ſtole out of his own bed, and dreſt himſelf—the door was locked—but the window readily favoured his eſcape.

When the attendant awoke, he concluded Mr. St. Aubyn was in bed, nor did he ſuſpect any thing amiſs, until he aroſe himſelf, and diſcovered that the ſaſh of the window had been thrown open.

The alarm was inſtantly given, and meſſengers were diſpatched different ways in queſt of him.

But no tidings arrived until an aged peaſant reported that he had ſeen a gentleman anſwering the deſcription, haſtening up the lane early in the morning, and ſeeming to make towards the common.——

All was uncertainty until the evening, and then the accidental diſcovery of a child, that ſaid he ſaw ſomething like a hat floating on the ſurface of the water, which ſurrounds *the Moat-houſe*, gave ground for ſuſpicion—it proved

to

be St. Aubyn's hat, and it alſo proved to be the ſpot he had raſhly ſingled out to perpetrate this fatal fact in.

It was very late before the body could be found, but by following the current it was taken up at laſt, by the ſide of the great arch under the Chineſe bridge.

They conveyed it to the cottage of a worthy woman, to whom St. Aubyn had been a kind benefactor.——

The ſhock ſo affected her that we fear it will prove fatal.——

That my unhappy friend had this in contemplation, is too evident, by a number of circumſtances which we now can trace, and apply accordingly.——

His attendant is highly to blame, but the poor wretch is ſo diſtreſt about it, that any reproaches from us would be cruel.——

We have fixed for to-morrow evening to inter him—and as it ſeemed to be his deſire—we ſhall depoſit his remains in the church-yard on the hill.——

This melancholy taſk over, (the laſt tribute I can pay my much loved friend) I ſhall reſume.—

* * * * * *

It was intended to uſe every poſſible caution to conceal what had happened from Mrs. Alderton, but thro' the imprudent and officious intelligence of a female ſervant, ſhe became acquainted with it.

And the general report is, that AUGUSTA will ſoon follow him.—

As

As to poor Mrs. St. Aubyn, I would fain be ſpared the melancholy recital of her diſtreſſes—I hope, Madam, ſhe will yet live, and learn to be reconciled to this fatal viſitation—ſhe ſeems to have been taught the ſalutary leſſons of religion, and *there* ſhe will be ſure to find a refuge.—

For me—I had never but one friend, to whom my heart affectionately and conſtantly yearned—that friend was the friend of all mankind—a purer heart never beat in the boſom of humanity—I loved him, and I have indeed reaſon to regret my loſs—my heart already feels a vacancy, tho' at preſent abſorbed in deep affliction—I can never find another St. Aubyn.—

I am ſadly unfit for the taſk of deſcription, Miſs Alderton, but I cannot help telling

telling you how the fate of this amiable man is deplored by all the country round —nor how the tears of the aged and infirm flowed in melancholy ſilence, as the hearſe, which held his remains, moved ſolemnly towards the church-yard—a reſpectful multitude had aſſembled—who came there to teſtify that ſincerity of regret, which did honor to their humble gratitude.—

Here let me drop the pen—ſympathize, my dear Madam, with your amiable ſiſter, for ſhe looks to you for what little conſolation may yet be reſerved for her.—Accept my beſt wiſhes, and believe me,

Your ſincere humble ſervant,

S. SULLIVAN.

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By the Editor.

FROM the remaining fragments which were preſerved in this collection, it appears, that Mrs. Alderton ſurvived Mr. St. Aubyn ſomething more than four months—ſhe had already, the reader will remember, been threatened with a decline, and Matlock had twice reſtored her—a third time ſhe went thither, accompanied by her huſband, (whoſe tender and generous attention to his lady, does him infinite honor)—but that trial proved fatal.

She died, it ſeems, in the very room where St. Aubyn had the interview with her, on her firſt arrival at Matlock.—

And

And Colonel Alderton mentions, with lively ſatisfaction, the ſenſe ſhe had to the laſt of his kindneſs—ſhe died bleſſing him, and acknowledging his goodneſs —nor ought it to be concealed, that he ſuffered her remains to be depoſited in the ſame church-yard, and cloſe to the ſpot where St. Aubyn's lay.—

Mrs. St. Aubyn's grief ſettled into a calm melancholy, but the ſiſterly ſympathy of her beloved Harriet ſoon ſoftened into a mild regret, and time promiſed to be her friend.

Mrs. Clements's grief was proportionably ſevere, in common with the reſt of St. Aubyn's friends—but at length it ſubſided, and ſhe could enumerate the virtues of her generous benefactor with compoſure—and with tears.

The

The infant of the cottage was claimed by its parents, and tenderly cheriſhed by them—indeed, Maria found Douglas every thing ſhe could wiſh, and he lived to be an honor to his name and family.

Something of a hint ſeems to have tranſpired of Mr. Sullivan's having ſurrendered his affections to Miſs Harriet Alderton, whom he ſaw in Dublin a few months after the deceaſe of his friend—his attention to Mrs. St. Aubyn, extending ſo far as to induce him to accompany her into Ireland, and ſee her ſafely received by her friends—ſuch a circumſtance is by no means improbable, but nothing abſolutely corroborative on this head appears.

Of Miſs Wentworth, (whoſe diſcernment and diſcretion her friend Auguſta too late was convinced of) no farther mention

mention is made.—Mrs. Alderton's correſpondence with her, appears to have been diſcontinued after the melancholy event took place—but this might be owing to the unhappy lady's illneſs, which may be ſuppoſed to have rendered her unable to purſue, and unfit to enjoy, an intercourſe by letter.

FINIS.